MEMORIAL SKETCH

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Memorial sketch

Rev. John Todd D.D.

A little memento of a boy
[illegible].

E. D. Ellen.

August 1878.

ZEPHANIAH MOORE HUMPHREY.

MEMORIAL SKETCH.

ZEPHANIAH MOORE HUMPHREY

AND

FIVE SELECTED SERMONS.

David Terry

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Rev. Dr. Humphrey, who is the subject of the following Memorial Sketch, was pastor, honored and loved, in four different cities successively, and Professor of Church History in still another; three of the five being among the chief cities of the land.

A great number of his parishioners and other friends have known him only, or mainly, during one or another of these periods of his life; and now that he is gone from them all, they will welcome some connected account of him, which will not only match itself to their clearest and fondest memories, but will inform them also concerning those periods of his life during which they were separated from him, including that of his childhood and youth, by the formative influences of which all his subsequent history was shaped.

Others have been related to him by ties which local changes have not disturbed. These are the members of his own household and his kindred,

nearer or more remote of nearly his own age, and the children and grandchildren of his brothers and sisters, some of whom are so young that they have barely caught the sound of his honored name and the fragrance of his sweet reputation, and will yearn as they grow older to know more of him.

For all these classes of persons, and any besides who would fain get fresh courage and strength from reading the simple story of a noble and beautiful and almost faultless life, this brief history, at the request of Dr. Humphrey's family friends, has been lovingly prepared by one who knew him intimately and with ever-increasing affection from the time of his entering college until he finished his course on earth and entered into rest.

The five sermons which are printed in the latter part of this volume were selected with difficulty, simply because there were so many others that seemed to plead for publication. These, however, are fairly representative sermons, and constitute a fit culmination of this brief biography.

D. T.

Cazenovia, May, 1883.

MEMORIAL SKETCH

OF

ZEPHANIAH MOORE HUMPHREY.

I.

PERHAPS the time has arrived when those who were most closely related to Rev. Dr. Z. M. Humphrey can read, with feelings more tranquil and through tears less blinding than at an earlier date, some connected biography of the dear man who was snatched so quickly from us a little more than a year ago, and in whose sudden departure we have only been able to acquiesce as we have heard the voice of his Lord and ours saying, "I will have him to be with me where I am, that he may behold my glory."

Excellent and appropriate tributes to his character and memory have already been published. The loving and appreciative addresses given at Cincinnati and Chicago, before the grave received the treasure of his dust; the affectionate and discriminating memorial

discourses by the pastors of the churches of which, successively, he had himself been pastor; the carefully-prepared and comprehensive memorial discourse delivered at Lane Seminary, in accordance with the appointment of the board of trustees, by Dr. R. W. Patterson, so long his co-presbyter and ecclesiastical associate, and a very large number of editorial articles in both religious and secular papers filled with his praise and warm with an affectionate admiration of him,—all these have been published and have been gratefully welcomed by his friends.

Indeed, the beautiful similitude employed by Dr. Dickey, who is Dr. Humphrey's immediate successor as pastor of Calvary Church in Philadelphia, was as truthful as it was rhetorically fine, in which he represented that, as the greatness of a falling tree is betokened by the multitude of the echoes that reverberate through the forest in connection with its fall, so the high estimation in which Dr. Humphrey was held, and the eminent importance attached to his life and work, have been abundantly attested by the almost numberless expressions of sorrow and of affectionate admiration that have echoed through the land in connection with his death.

But as these echoes are dying away into silence, there is a want felt that the sweet strains of them be reproduced and combined with other and harmonious

strains into a symphony, which may sound with a more connected and comprehensive completeness the rhythm and melody of his life, and take its humble place in the great anthem by which God is being continuously praised in the lives and characters of them that are his.

For the writer of this to attempt the composing of such a symphony would be quite presumptuous, except that the melody is *in* the material furnished to his hands, which exists in harmonious proportions, and readily sets itself to music. His work will be lovingly to transcribe the rhythmic cadences of a life in which mortal ears could discern no discords, and to put them in their proper place and order.

II.

ZEPHANIAH MOORE HUMPHREY was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, on the 30th day of August, 1824. His father was at the time president of Amherst College, and the infant son was named in honor of Dr. Zephaniah Moore, the previous and only preceding president of the college.

It will be noticed, therefore, that Zephaniah's birth occurred just at the time when a new era, not only for our own country, but for the whole civilized world, was marshalling its forces and bringing them to bear

upon the formation of individual character, and thus upon the social progress of the race. It was the modern era of great inventions, and of the rapid spread and popular utilization of scientific knowledge.

Within a year after Mr. Humphrey's birth the will of the Earl of Bridgewater was executed, bequeathing eight thousand pounds sterling to be paid to the author of the best treatise "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God in Creation," resulting in the famous and fruitful "Bridgewater Treatises."

It was also during the year after Mr. Humphrey's birth that the Erie Canal was completed, connecting the Great Lakes of the West with the Hudson River, and thus with the ocean, and only six years earlier the first steam vessel, the "Savannah," had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool and St. Petersburg, and returned safely, though it was several years later when the first regular trips began to be made by the "Sirius" and "Great Western."

Seven years after his birth Morse's electric telegraph was invented, and patented a few years later.

Still earlier than this, when Mr. Humphrey was only five years old, Joseph Smithson, an English lover of knowledge and of mankind, bequeathed a hundred thousand pounds sterling "to the United States of America, to be devoted to the increase of knowledge

among men," resulting in the "Smithsonian Institute" at Washington.

About this time, and onward from it, there was a vast increase of periodical literature in England, France, Germany, and America. All these things, and others of kindred nature and influence, were instruments of great social changes, inaugurating the new era above spoken of, the beginning of which was so nearly contemporaneous with that of the life we are to study and trace.

It will be interesting to notice, as we proceed, how the spirit of the new age influenced and modified the life of Mr. Humphrey, how unlike it made him in his manner and methods to his own father, to whom he was so like in all the fundamental principles of his character, and in all the general aims and purposes of his life.

For the strongest and most independent of men do not escape the moulding and controlling influence of the vital forces of their own period. Both consciously and unconsciously they are affected by them. Mr. Humphrey himself has very finely set forth the nature of this influence.

In an article on Albert Barnes, in the *Presbyterian Review* of July, 1871, he wrote as follows: "One of the most powerful of the mysterious forces by which human acts are controlled is scarcely thought of by

the majority of men. It is so subtile that we can hardly define it. For want of a better term thinkers have styled it *the spirit of the times.* It is a reigning power so pervasive that none can escape it, so strong that resistance to it is seldom successful, yet it defies analysis. It is distinct from the power of an individual earthly will. If a man of decided character influences us, we refer our movements to him as we refer effects to causes. But the spirit of the times affects us when we are addressed by no personal appeal. . . . Great bodies of men are often found to agree in opinions at which they have arrived by no logical process."

Not far from the same time he wrote of his own father as follows: "The life of Heman Humphrey may be considered as a representative life. It covered a period of transition. It began when society in New England bore the type of Puritan culture. It ended when that type had almost disappeared in the American culture of to-day."

Putting these two things together, we are prepared to say that the life of the son, Zephaniah, was also a representative life, and in accord with the spirit of *his* times. But they were vastly different "times" from the other, and they demanded and produced a vastly different man, in respect to the methods and instrumentalities by which he acted upon his generation and wrought out the work of his life.

During those wonderful years following Zephaniah's birth, say from 1824 to 1840, those years of great inventions, quickly succeeding one another, and of the rapid popularizing of scientific and general knowledge, the sturdy father, made of Puritan metal, and formed in Puritan mould, was piloting Amherst College "out of a crooked harbor into an open sea," while the scholarly and no less sturdy son was storing his mind with the knowledge which he made so effective in days when science and inventions had advanced from being little more than matters of accomplishment and interest to being the mighty practical powers of these times, when our best scientists have devoted themselves to the ingenious application of general laws to particular uses for the world's comfort.

If the sire was bugle and battle-axe to his generation, it may be said of the son that to his generation

> "His steps were like rain
> To the summer-vexed farmer."

As we review his life, we shall see that every acquirement he made not only helped to round his own character, but gave another point of contact and sympathy with those about him, adding a new wire along which ran "the electric fire of thought and feeling," exciting in others the desire to know more of the man and his master.

Dr. Phillips Brooks says, "A man who lives like an inspiration for honesty and purity and charity in a community may be only the candle in whose obedient life burns still the fire of another strong, true man who was his father, and who passed out of men's sight a score of years ago. Men call the father dead, but he is no more dead than the torch has gone out which lighted the beacon that is blazing on the hill."

How many lives are candles, lighted by the fires of both sire and son, is known only to Him who "lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

III.

MR. EMERSON, in speaking of the influences that early contributed to give shape to his own life and character, says that "a person cannot get away from his ancestors." This is true in so far as it means that a person cannot avoid feeling the influence of hereditary tendencies; but that those tendencies can be yielded to on the one hand, or resisted on the other, is quite obvious.

Such a man as Aaron Burr, for example, was abundantly successful in getting away from *his* ancestors.

Inheritance of good character is not a mere physical and matter of course process. It implies the vol-

untary and virtuous personal appropriation by the heir of the spirit and principles of those from whom he inherits. And it must always be to a person's credit and praise if, in the freedom of his voluntary and chosen career, he does *not* get away from that which was good in his progenitors, but reproduces and magnifies and perfects it in his own character and attainments.

Perhaps it will plainly appear that it was so with him of whom we are to speak.

On his father's side, Dr. Humphrey was descended from two excellent New England families,—the Humphreys and the Browns.

The Humphrey line is traced directly from Michael Humphrey, who came from England to this country some time previous to 1643, and among whose descendants were one Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts, and one Governor of the New Haven Colony, and it is said that "piety and integrity were general characteristics of those in this line of descent whose names never became famous."

Zephaniah's grandmother Humphrey was Hannah Brown, a direct descendant of Peter Brown, whose name is in the list of passengers of the "Mayflower," which landed at Plymouth in 1620.

She was sister of Captain John Brown, of West Simsbury, Connecticut, and he was father of John

Brown of Ossawatamie, so that Zephaniah's father was own cousin to John Brown of Ossawatamie.

While the latter was in the Virginia prison, under sentence of death and awaiting his execution, President Humphrey wrote him a letter of fraternal counsel and kindly compassion. He addressed him as his cousin, and received a frank and affectionate reply, which contained a calm argument in defence of his conduct, and an expression of peaceful acquiescence in its results, with no bitterness toward anybody, and revealing such a spirit of mingled sweetness and firmness as must convince any reader that the soul of the man (which is "marching on") was a soul of love,—love to God, love of righteousness, love of humanity, with malice toward none, and hatred only of what he regarded as injustice and wrong.

Indeed, the Virginians who were brought most closely into contact with him, officially or otherwise, at the time of his trial and execution, were constrained to recognize the noble unselfishness and purity of his character, and to admire the wonderful gentleness and benevolence of spirit which blended with the obstinate confidence and invincible courage of his convictions.

This peculiar combination of unlike qualities has always been one of the fruits of a type of theology which utterly humbles and subdues self and exalts

God, as at once a God of justice and of grace. It led St. Paul to say, "When I am weak then am I strong." It led to the strange fact that the gentle and loving disciple John was one of the two disciples of Jesus who by their Divine Master were surnamed "Boanerges, which is Sons of Thunder" (Mark iii. 17). The lion was lying down with the lamb, and a little child was leading them. It made a person all tenderness on the side of the sensibilities and affections, but all strength on the side of the conscience and the convictions, and when there was conflict between the conscience and the sensibilities, the triumph of the latter was instant and supreme.

This characteristic was illustrated in the case of another John Brown,* of Scotland, the father of John Brown of Edinburgh, author of "Rab and His Friends," who, in his incomparable memoir of that same father, relates that when he was a boy, he and his

*Of course nothing is claimed from the coincidence of names here, but much from the prevalence of certain characteristics in certain families who happen, in this case, to be largely made up of John Browns. Indeed, what is said by Thomas Hughes, in the introductory chapter of "Tom Brown at Rugby," concerning the "Brown family" in England, in which case, probably, the *name* is entirely assumed, there being no such family of that name, yet much that he says about the fine and sturdy characteristics of the *nominal* Brown family in England might be truly said about the *real* Brown families in Scotland and America.

little brother, in their bed one night, were startled by a sharp cry of pain from their father in another room. They were at the same instant summoned to that room by a servant, and found that their mother, who had long been feeble, had suddenly ceased to breathe, and was lying dead on a sofa. Their father, after the one sharp cry, was standing in silent agony, grasping his head between his hands, and pale as the dead. But as soon as they entered the room he withdrew his hands from his head, instantly controlling his emotions, and said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned with them toward the sofa,—"his supreme will," says the filial biographer, "his supreme will making himself and his household give thanks in the midst of such a desolation—and for it."

A very similar thing occurred in the life of President Humphrey. In July, 1840, while he was president of the college at Amherst, his son Henry (next older than Zephaniah), then a member of the sophomore class, a young man of fascinating beauty and brilliant promise, was seized suddenly, in the midst of robust healthfulness, with an acute inflammatory disease, and died in a few hours.

The next morning we were all surprised to see the president in his accustomed place at morning prayers in the college chapel. His face was pale, and he had a worn and exhausted appearance. But he arose as the

college bell ceased its ringing, and calmly, sweetly read, not any wail of lamentation and anguish from Jeremiah or elsewhere, but the cheering words of the 103d Psalm: "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name,*" and so on to the impressive words, "*He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities,*" etc., closing with the words, "*Praise ye the Lord.*" Then he offered such a prayer as would be likely to follow such a Scripture, read under such circumstances,—a prayer that was full of tenderness, but triumphantly trustful, instead of being sorrowful. Of course there was nothing of stoicism or assumed want of emotion in the service, but there was a quiet mastery of faith over feeling by a strength that was borrowed from the Unseen and Eternal.

These incidents present one aspect of that many-sided trait of character which comes from a combination of deep and tender sensibilities with a supreme and controlling devotion to the principles of truth and righteousness. The combination develops a very comprehensive character, and then inspires the whole of it, showing itself in all sweetest and gentlest, and also in all boldest and most heroic deeds. It underlies and helps to explain the divine promise that "the meek shall inherit the earth," which implies that meekness is not weakness, but it is humility and gen-

tleness combined with, wedded to, the unconquerable strength of truth and goodness.

It seems manifest, therefore, that some augmentation of this element of character came into the Humphrey family through Zephaniah's grandmother, whose maiden name was Brown. It gave additional fire and energy to natures that had already a large provision of substantial excellence and strength.

It revealed itself in her distinguished son, President Humphrey, by many utterances that were like trumpet-blasts, and deeds that were like pitched battles at various critical periods of his own career and of the country's history, of which suitable mention is made in a brief biography of him published soon after his death.

It revealed itself in her grandson, Zephaniah, the subject of these memoirs, not only, as we shall see, in certain characteristics of his ordinary life, but especially at certain extraordinary and critical emergencies, when it was made to appear that he possessed a marvellous reserve of physical strength and courage, which might have qualified him to be the inspirer of an army, or the successful leader of a forlorn hope at the crisis of a battle.

Dr. Patterson, in his memorial discourse, just hints at this characteristic when he says that "Dr. Humphrey's physical courage was in some emergencies

displayed by a measure of daring that amazed his friends." One of these emergencies may be spoken of here so fully that none of them will need to be referred to again.

In the midst of one of the nights of his residence at Chicago, Dr. Humphrey was awakened by his wife from a sound sleep to find a burglar creeping about the room. He sprang from his bed and grappled with the man in the darkness, and held him by so firm a grasp that he could not release himself.

Meanwhile Mrs. Humphrey had started a light in the room, and became an eye-witness to the scene. The burglar had drawn a knife, and was saying that all he wanted now was to get away, that he did not wish to injure Mr. Humphrey, if he were allowed to escape, but he would not be captured.

Still Mr. Humphrey clung to him; together they struggled, the burglar backing toward the hall and stairway. When this was reached, by a sudden wrench the thief liberated himself from Mr. Humphrey's grasp and ran, followed by Mr. Humphrey; but when he was half-way down the stairs the burglar turned and struck Mr. Humphrey with his knife, saying, with an oath, "I will not be followed." Pausing long enough to see that the blood which had started from elbow to wrist was from a very slight wound, Mr. Humphrey again pursued the thief, but could not catch him, as he

quickly escaped through a basement window which, at the time of his stealthy entrance, he had left open for that purpose.

Here was the man of peace, the quiet, delicate, sedentary, fine-fibred gentleman, not only exhibiting a marvellous degree of muscular strength, but a measure and quality of cool self-possession and deliberate and sustained purpose and energy of courage which must have been rooted in the deepest and strongest elements of his nature. Something of the sturdy John Brown blood was flowing in those veins.

This was only a marked exhibition of a quality of character which often revealed itself in Mr. Humphrey amid the ordinary events and achievements of his life. It seems apparent, therefore, that there belonged to the child Zephaniah, from his parental predecessors, the possibility and something of the promise of a natural gentleness and affectionateness of spirit and disposition, combined with such resoluteness of conscience and courage of conviction and energy of will as might, if not fully balanced, manifest themselves in the excesses of obstinacy and fanaticism.

But they were fully balanced. The Humphrey character was thoroughly regulated by a dominating good judgment. Zephaniah's father was a *wise* man. He had much of the fire and force of which we have been speaking. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, of Union Theo-

logical Seminary, who was for six years student and tutor at Amherst during Dr. Humphrey's presidency, says of him that "he was a man of great natural eloquence." And great eloquence implies several energetic and forcible qualities of character.

Professor Tyler, in his "History of Amherst College," gives the following comprehensive list of President Humphrey's characteristics as a man and an orator: "Strong common sense, practical wisdom, sharp, clear Saxon style, vigor of thought, fervor of passion and boldness, coupled sometimes with marvellous felicity of expression, and a healthy, hearty, robust tone of body and spirit."

The stirring influence of President Humphrey's energy and power was felt throughout New England and beyond. But he was as well and widely known to be a judicious and trusted counsellor, and as famous for his discreetness and wisdom as for his valor and energy.

But let us look for a few moments at the other line of Zephaniah's descent.

On his mother's side he was equally happy in his ancestral antecedents. His mother's maiden name was Sophia Porter. Her father, Noah Porter, of Farmington, Connecticut, belonged to an excellent family there, which had already had its abode in the Farmington Valley, generation after generation, for

more than one hundred and thirty years at the time Sophia was born in 1785.

Sophia had three brothers. The oldest was ROBERT, who was missionary preacher and teacher in Central New York as early as 1801, when Central New York was mostly a wilderness, before there was any Utica or Syracuse. He was associated there with the heroic and consecrated KIRKLAND, who had been missionary among the Oneida Indians, and he (Robert) was principal of the Oneida Academy at Clinton, out of which Hamilton College grew.

The second brother was EDWARD, who was preacher and teacher in Connecticut, and from whom Dr. Edward Humphrey, of Louisville, Zephaniah's oldest brother, derived his name. And the third brother was NOAH, who was pastor at Farmington, his native town, honored and influential, from the time of his ordination, for more than sixty years.

Of the children of this latter, his son Noah is a distinguished metaphysician, and for some years now president of Yale College, while his daughter, Sarah Porter, proprietor and principal of the Farmington School for young ladies, has been recognized for more than thirty years by many of the most fastidious and discriminating parents in the land as quite unsurpassed in those qualities of mental and moral and religious and social and literary and esthetic culture,

under the influence of which they have desired their daughters to be placed.

These simple statements of fact indicate quite clearly the *general* character of the influences that flowed into President Humphrey's family from the Porter side.

The *precise* character of those influences, or of their aggregate and combined import, is quite indescribable.

In Zephaniah's mother and her immediate kindred, such as have been mentioned, there was grafted into, and interwoven with, a solid substratum of piety and integrity and vigorous mental capacity and physical soundness and eminent good sense, a breadth and fineness of general and particular culture, the fruit of which is a certain completeness and choiceness of character which cannot be represented by pencil of artist or pen of analyst, but is best understood through the general terms just now employed. What we most esteem and admire in such characters is a certain comprehension and symmetrical excellence, which helps us to apprehend what our humanity was designed to be and is destined to become.

If there can be any doubt about appropriating to Zephaniah, beforehand, this heritage of hereditary characteristics or tendencies, that doubt will be removed by noticing that these very qualities have been

manifested, in their combination and in marked degree, by all his brothers and sisters.

It is so well and widely known that it barely needs to be stated here that the oldest brother, Dr. Edward P. Humphrey, of Louisville, still "bringing forth fruit in his old age," has been for forty years one of the strong leaders of that great national Presbyterian Church in which only very strong men can be leaders; that amid the severe conflicts of doctrine and church polity he has been one of the foremost of those whose "necks have been clothed with thunder," and yet from first to last showing himself to be one of the mildest, gentlest, tenderest of men, so that when at great meetings there has been need of setting forth the melting and winning aspects of gospel truth, and showing that "the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy," few men would be sooner selected than he to do it.

But, not to speak of this only surviving brother, nor of the only surviving sister, Sarah, the youngest of the family, not to speak of these because they *are* surviving, let it be said, almost in a word, that the four who lived to mature life, and yet departed all too early, as it seems to us, to that world where strength and goodness are perfectly one, and where the most exalted powers are but the energies of love, these four,—James, who was a lawyer in Brook-

lyn, and felt to be a man of power there, at one time elected to Congress by the spontaneous votes of the best elements of the city, and yet recognized always as the very embodiment of kindness and benevolence, and as approaching nearer than almost any other man to the ideal of a cultured and complete Christian gentleman; JOHN, the pastor at Binghamton, the stalwart as well as elegant preacher, grappling fearlessly with the living issues of the time, and yet familiarly designated far and wide as "The Beloved Disciple," on account of his likeness to St. John, and beloved by his people then and yet almost to idolatry; and LUCY, the pastor's wife at Lenox and Detroit, securing the admiration of the most discriminating and distinguished persons by the singular comprehension in her of wisdom and strength with supreme gentleness and an almost timid modesty; and MARY, the pastor's wife at Delhi and Ithaca and Ann Arbor, the black-eyed and brilliant Mary, who was so sprightly and yet so serious, so capable and yet so self-distrustful, so energetic and yet so mild, that one of her husband's parishioners at Ithaca used to say that "her life was a constant speech of power and goodness in the parish." Each and all these possessed an almost ideal sweetness and delicacy and grace and charming loveliness, and so combined these with strength and energy and resoluteness, that they are conspicu-

ously remembered as persons of exceptionally beautiful and varied excellences of character in the communities from which they were snatched away a score of years ago,—persons whom to see was to admire, and whom to know, for a few hours even, was to remember forever. And we are the more willing to say and print these words because, if they should come to the eyes of all who would heartily indorse them, they would bring a sweet pleasure to thousands of persons, who would testify that these words are but feeble praise of those strong and radiant souls.

And now, if any apology is needed for saying so much concerning hereditary characteristics, the apology will be found in the fact that they furnish a key by which to interpret the life into which they enter.

While the actual life, by regressive inference, reveals the primitive traits of character, these in turn, by predictive suggestion, assist the clearer comprehension of the spirit and meaning of the actual life. We shall then more easily understand the full significance of a person's words and deeds when we have a previous acquaintance with the elemental tendencies and formative influences of his character, for then we read the record of personal endeavor and achievements in the light of the principles from which they

sprang. We know the quality of the fruit more quickly and confidently when we know the quality of the scions which were grafted upon the root of the tree on which it grew.

And in this particular case of Dr. Humphrey there will be need of these predictive suggestions, lest it should seem that too much is claimed for him in some things that will be stated in these pages concerning him. But the validity of the claims, together with the true significance of the statements, will be manifest in the light of the fact that these hereditary tendencies and influences of which we have been speaking were among the chosen factors and constituent elements of his life and character.

For, marked as are the hereditary qualities that were bequeathed to Dr. Humphrey, we are not to conceive of his character as made up of them. They became his, but they did not constitute him. He was himself the separate personality by whom these tendencies were voluntarily appropriated and these influences accepted and nourished. His character was, as we shall see, unique and individual. But we shall most justly comprehend that character if we recognize the rich and varied treasures of the "goodly heritage" that was left him, at the same time that we recognize the personal wisdom and virtue which led him, through the grace of God, to make so noble a use of those treas-

ures, combining them with all other good influences in the vital texture and substance of his character, and thus constructing the beautiful life which, from the vantage ground of these reflections, we may now proceed more directly and closely to contemplate.

IV.

THE years of Dr. Humphrey's childhood were passed at Amherst.

The natural beauties of the Connecticut Valley at that point, with the rounded, wooded hills at the north, and the varied expanse of grove and field and village and hamlet on the broad slopes at the east and west, and the majestic, broken wall of mountain closing in the view at the south, with just one opening to let the winding and waiting river through; all this panorama of natural loveliness and beauty, scarcely surpassed in the world, was a perpetual and keen delight to the boy, in whom the susceptibilities of an artist were early manifested. The educating influence of such surroundings upon such a child need only be thus hinted at.

Professor William S. Tyler, now the Nestor of the Amherst College faculty, and who was already a professor there when Zephaniah was a child, says of him,—

"From his childhood he was remarkably lovely and beloved; among other boys, not the greatest and

strongest, but the brightest and best, the most lovely and sunny."

"An exemplary pupil in the common school, if there had been a prize given to the 'model student,' Zephaniah Humphrey would have received it. He was a general favorite with teachers and pupils."

A schoolmate of his boyhood, and afterwards college classmate and life-long friend, Rev. Thaddeus Wilson, now of Shrewsbury, N. J., writes of him thus,—

"Zeph and I were in the same school, and were friends as well as companions from the first. We were a great deal together, went skating, nutting, hunting, and fishing in company. He was a pleasant companion, exceedingly mild and agreeable in his temper. I cannot remember that I ever saw him angry with any one, or involved in the least quarrel.

"He was an active boy, with a keen eye and a steady hand; had a hearty enjoyment of all boyish sports, and a genuine love for nature, which surrounded us in the most charming forms.

"His treatment by his parents must have been most judicious, for while the atmosphere of truth and piety was ever about him, he was not crowded. He was allowed to grow, and he grew like a tree in the garden of the Lord.

"He was witty, fond of jokes and pleasantry; but he was pure of heart and speech. His whole nature,

even then, was under control. As a boy he was never carried away by the exuberance of animal spirits.

"From childhood there was something pensive about him. I do not mean gloomy or depressed, but thoughtful. The obligations of the grand old Puritan theology made themselves felt as a constraining power before he was conscious of it."

These statements reveal the fact that even thus early Zephaniah was voluntarily, if not consciously, choosing *not* to get away from his ancestors. They were holding to him, and he to them. If he had quite understood the situation, he might have said of them as the Christian believer says of the cross, "*Teneo et teneor.*"

And it is only a somewhat enlarged statement of the same thing to say that he was thus early eschewing all that was evil, and laying hold of all that was good. *Yes, all!* For even now is it manifest that it is not his way to strike out in any special and selected lines of excellence and superiority, but to covet and cultivate every quality of excellence that is accessible to him in these years of his boyhood. This he seemed evidently to have been doing, for it was no accident of his young life that "his whole nature was held under control," and that amid all the exuberance of his bright and eager boyhood he maintained a thoughtful but cheerful submission to the "re-

straints of truth and piety," and was "pure of heart and speech." It was doubtless the result of moral struggles such as a boy could wage, and moral victories such as a boy could win, and of which there was no human witness, unless his wise and watchful mother sometimes shared them with him.

V.

BEFORE Zephaniah was fairly out of his boyhood —some years before he was out of his "teens" —he entered college, and as this event was without change of place, so was it without any marked change of feeling or purpose.

Having spent all his days under the eaves of the college, and attended church in its chapel, the transition to membership in it had not the same impulsive force for him that it has for those young men who go far from home and possibly see a college for the first time as they are entering it. With him it was only a step forward in the same path he had been steadily pursuing and amid the same surroundings.

He soon came to be recognized and esteemed for his quiet fidelity and industry, and to attract attention by his varied and brilliant capabilities.*

* The verbatim likeness of some of these paragraphs to an early part of Dr. Patterson's Memorial Address is explained by the fact

His scholarship, as measured by his recitations, and his rank, as indicated by the faculty's markings, placed him well up among the first third of his class through most of his course and at the end of it. But his discriminating associates early discovered that in him which led them to expect quite as much from him as from any other in the class. On the whole, he was unsurpassed in the recognized excellence of his character and attainments and achievements.

Professor Tyler says, "He was a good scholar in all the departments, excelling, however, in the classics, rhetoric, and belles-lettres, and at his graduation delivered an 'oration,' which was an appointment next in rank to the three or four 'honors,' and he showed the practical tendencies of his mind by taking for the subject of his oration, 'The Dangers Resulting to our Confederacy from its too Rapid Enlargement by Immigration.'"

Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, who knew him in his boyhood and was his tutor in college, in a recent private letter, says of him among other things this: "He distinguished himself in English composition. This was in the blood; his

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that the writer of these pages is one of the "friends" of Dr. Humphrey to whom Dr. Patterson there refers, and Rev. Mr. Wilson is the other.

father was a man of great natural eloquence, and Edward, James, John, Henry, and Zephaniah all took after him in this regard."

"But," adds Dr. Hitchcock, "my supreme recollection of Zephaniah was in the line of character; he always carried himself with dignity, gentleness, and rare good sense.".

His friend Wilson writes of him, with reference to this period, that "there were tendencies in his character which might be counted as a prediction of all that he became. These were not obvious to a careless observer, but were sure as to their growth and outcome."

"He was not quick," adds Mr. Wilson, "in forming friendships, but when he had given his affections or taken his purpose, he was to be depended on."

He had a pleasant reputation in college as a humorist, for he was often overflowing with spontaneous sprightliness, and was famous for the quickest and brightest of witty rejoinders, as, for example, when a friend wanted to borrow his gun, and sent a boy to him with a note, saying,—

"DEAR ZEPH:

"Please lend me your *Pauca Vide.*

"SAM.

"AMHERST, Saturday Morn."

He sent the boy back at once with the gun and this answer,—

"DEAR SAM:

"I herewith send you my *Fœdans pax.*

"ZEPH.

"AMHERST, Saturday Morning."

We have thus seen enough of young Humphrey in college to assure us that he was ambitious, but not for conspicuousness. He was working, not for "honors" or prizes, but for substantial growth, growth in every direction, including the physical; for he was active in the games of the campus, and was accustomed to long and vigorous rambles in the adjacent country with gun and fishing-rod, and he knew every nook and corner of field and grove, and every ripple and pool of brook and stream for miles around.

As a Christian in college he was not conspicuous, but thoroughly consistent; not as active and demonstrative as some, but diligent in using the means of spiritual growth, and thus rooting and ripening himself for subsequent activity and usefulness.

But the most important characteristic of him was that which began to show itself, as we have seen, in his boyhood, viz., the cultivation of *every excellence.* He seems to have consciously or unconsciously, but conscientiously at least, adopted the motto of the Latin moralist, to the effect that nothing that is good is foreign to man,—*i.e.*, that every element of excel-

lence and goodness should be appropriated by each person as his proper heritage.

Or, better still, he had adopted the inspired thought of St. Paul (Phil. iv. 8), "Whatsoever things are true, honorable, pure, just, lovely, and of good report, think on these things." And not only should every person think on and cultivate *all* these, but besides these, continues the apostle, "If there be *any* virtue, and if there be *any* praise,"—*i.e.*, if there be any possible good or praiseworthy thing not enumerated in the above list, take possession of that also,—*i.e.*, secure and nourish every good quality of character and life.

This seems to have been the chosen and steady rule of Humphrey's life while in college, and that it continued ever afterward to be so will be clearly apparent as we proceed to accompany him on his way.

VI.

IT was one of President Humphrey's rules, in the care and culture of his family, that each of his sons, as they left college, should have a year or two of the discipline that comes from teaching. It was doubtless a wise rule. And in those days, plentiful as the "discipline" in the school was for the pupils, it was no less so for the teacher.

Zephaniah's time for teaching had now come, in the autumn of 1843, just after his graduation at college at the age of nineteen years.

It was providentially ordered for him that he should still remain under his father's roof and amid the familiar scenes of Amherst; for, whether in response to his application or without it, the school directors of the village appointed him to be teacher there for the winter.

There were some unexpected consequences. A very natural and somewhat chronic popular jealousy existed in the village toward the imagined intellectual and social aristocracy of the college, and to have a scion of that aristocracy appointed to the mastery of the public school, and over the head of a representative of the people who wanted the position, was more than could be endured by those sons and daughters of Massachusetts. The result was a tempest in the Amherst tea-pot, the vehemence of which it is difficult to apprehend at this distance of time and place. Some prominent persons were known to declare that this "boy teacher" should not be master of the boys and girls of his own town. But the directors were excitedly firm, and Zephaniah was quietly firm, and went about his work and accomplished it as calmly as though he did not know there was any storm.

But the thing is worth mentioning as indicative of

the circumstances amid which young Humphrey had his first experience of public life. And we can easily believe that, notwithstanding his outward serenity, he experienced during that winter quite as much of "discipline" as the teaching theory contemplated, and that not one feather's weight of it was without benefit to him.

But now comes a call that takes him away from home. In the spring of 1844 he was invited to take the charge of a small select school at Crednal, a quiet little place in Loudon County, Virginia, and he arrived there on the 6th day of May in that year.

This proved a pleasant and very improving engagement to him. He had a home with a cultivated Virginia family, in a fine roomy mansion, where there were plenty of "servants," and though he rebelled at first, in his feelings at least, against having every slightest thing done for him from the time he opened his eyes in the morning until he went to sleep again at night, yet he knew that the servants that did it for him would have nothing but mischief to do otherwise, and he learned not only to acquiesce in it, but to like it better than he was aware.

He became heartily interested in the boys of the school, and abundant evidence incidentally reveals itself that the parents and employers were more than satisfied with the teacher of their boys. Indeed, they

became very fond of him, and more and more appreciative of his rare good judgment and excellent spirit and remarkable versatility of gifts and accomplishments.

But the specially important fact about this last year of his teaching period is that he kept a journal through the whole of it.

It was in the form of a continuous communication to his sister Mary, next younger than himself, of whom he was tenderly fond, and who had the closest possible sympathy with him, not only having a warm sisterly interest in whatever he was doing, but a peculiarly keen appreciation of any either weighty or witty things he might say. This fact, that it was all for her eye, helped to impart a charming ease and naturalness to the daily record of his observations and experiences and reflections.

One of the best things about this journal is the vigorous and manly continuance of it. He did not grow weary of his purpose, or weak in respect to carrying it through. It not only occupies but *fills* two folio volumes of one hundred and sixty pages each, and a vigorous mental activity energises the whole of it. None but a resolute and persevering young man would have done this, and none but a person of superior gifts and rare qualities of mind and heart *could* have done it.

This journal is almost equally divided as between

the sprightly parts and the pensive or thoughtful parts, divided, however, only to the mind of the reader, not separated to the eye, for the two parts mingle together and flow into each other like different parts of the same current. The sprightly parts are often brimming with thoughtfulness, and the thoughtful sparkling with sprightliness.

The journal gossips about events after the manner of a skilful observer, and about persons after the manner of a keen discerner of character.

It tells of the ludicrous sometimes, as when "W—— the other day spoke of an *unexploded* country. Was it one which had happily escaped as yet an earthquake?"

There was a camp-meeting so near by that its singing reached him through the open door of his room, and he watched it with a candid but careful eye through the several days of its continuance, attending most of its services, and he gives it full credit for the good it accomplished, but cannot avoid the conclusion that the unintended evil predominates over the accomplished good.

He heard then and at other times some "excellent sermons" from the Methodist preachers of the region, one or two that seemed to him "truly eloquent and powerful," but many of the other kind, and sometimes very vigorous violations of taste, as when

Mr. W—— said, "Now, sinners, if the Lord will only give us a good hold of the gospel club we'll bruise your heads for you." And Mr. R—— gives the soliloquy of the Prodigal Son thus: "Here I am among these hogs, bad companions and worse fare."

In other and serious passages the journal reveals his tender side and the strength and depth of his affections.

For example, he has been writing to his brother John, and has "really made himself weep in thinking and writing of our dear mother." He did not know "how much he loved her till he was separated from her." When he remembers "her tears and her beaming look of love, he cannot prevent his own tears from falling, and would not if he could, for they are the manliest of tears." "God grant the dear, dear mother to live until the wheel be *worn out* at the cistern, and the pitcher be ready to crumble at the fountain."

And he "dreams of his poor dear Henry," and has blessed interviews with him that "seem like real life, and are a great joy to him till he wakes and the grief returns afresh," the whole, however, leaving a sort of conviction that "the spirit of the brother hovers about his pillow and pathway."

And he "loves the grand old mountains about Amherst, and visits them in his thoughts, and then

his spirit comes down from the mountains and enters through brick walls (as such substances can) into a certain parlor. Yes, there they are,—mother! Mary! What is that you have in your hands, mother? Ah, sewing, as usual, I see. And Mary, why are you not writing to your brother? And here comes father, with his whalebone cane."

And he is "never home-sick," but wants it understood, nevertheless, that "there is no waking hour of day or night when he is not longing for home."

VII.

BUT the special value of this journal is in that which is largely under the lines, feelings and purposes that are implied rather than expressed, and that reveal the workings of the writer's mind at this choosing period of his life, when he was by unconscious processes selecting and preparing himself for the special work of his maturer years.

It may be said of such a journal, as of a person's unrecorded conversation and thinking, that,

> "Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
> Of what we say we feel; below the stream,
> As light, of what we think we feel, there flows,
> With noiseless current, strong, obscure, and deep,
> The ceaseless stream of what we feel indeed."

This is the stream by which a person is actually borne on to his destiny. This that he feels indeed is the voice and hand of God leading him forward to what he shall be, and to what, at the same time, he chooses to be.

Humphrey, like other young men coming out of college, found himself in a wide world with various paths attracting him, and he had not yet decided which he should choose. It was not like him to decide quickly; it was not necessary that he should. "*Non cito, sed bene*," was his method. He goes on with his teaching, and says little or nothing about his future profession. Even his private journal is silent on that subject.

But as the months pass it becomes apparent which way he is tending, and that he is seriously weighing the considerations that ought to influence him.

The pursuits of an artist would have been very congenial to his tastes, and he had the gifts that would have distinguished him in that sphere. He found great delight in cultivating these gifts, and his early portfolio contains fine sketches of views in the valley of the Connecticut and in Virginia, and in Delaware County, New York, where, at Delhi, he used to visit his sister Mary.

But he consciously discerned that, after all,

"Truest truth is fairest beauty,"

that the highest art is that which fashions human souls and helps them toward the fulfilment of the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." And though he might have dreamed of painting Madonnas, yet he would have been wakened from his dream by hearing the Master say, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother,"—*i.e.*, the gospel ministry attracted him to the highest realm of art, and nearest to the very soul and goal of the beautiful, and gave promise of the most abiding master-pieces.

It is known that such considerations influenced him, and similarly conclusive and winning considerations in respect to the ministry, as compared with still other pursuits, so that the selecting of that profession came to be as clearly a matter of choice and supreme preference as it was a matter of clear Christian duty with him.

Indeed, duty and beauty were more alike to him in their nature than the words are in their sound. He used to speak warmly of the practical help he received from the ideas of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," such as,—

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,

Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

Thus the vision of duty was a vision of beauty to him. Her voice was "liberty" as well as "law" to him.

It always seemed true of him that the claims of moral and religious obligation were not burdensome but welcome. Obedience was a delight, and

"Joy its own security."

And in nothing was this more manifest than in his choice of the Christian ministry as the work of his life.

VIII.

THERE are some pages of original poetry in this journal, and in connection with them some very suggestive statements, that are important to us as indicating how strongly at times he was drawn in that direction.

Thus, on Dec. 14, 1844, he says, "After my labors pedagogic to-day I went down to Welburn to dine, and after returning finished that piece of poetry which I spoke of yesterday, and which I promised to insert."

Then follows a poem of a dozen stanzas, entitled "La Vallée," concerning a picturesque vale near by, which was flanked by towering mountains, and the verses were "inscribed to the generous hearts" of the people dwelling in the valley. The poetic gift manifests itself in every stanza, closing with,—

> "And when, in future years, life's storms
> Shall rend my swollen sail,
> I'll not forget a haven lies
> Within this happy vale."

But on the 15th (the very next day) we find him saying, "I hardly thought my poetic fervor would last me more than a day or two, and even to-night I did not think of writing any more, but reading Coleridge has set me into a Christmas Ode, and I have written three stanzas of seven lines each But it is verging toward two o'clock, and I must again dismiss the muses, begging their pardon for detaining them to such an unseasonable hour."

The poetic fervor still remained, it seems, for on the next evening he says, "I have finished my 'Christmas Ode,' which I commenced last night."

So the muses would not stay dismissed, it seems. Let us read three or four of the nine stanzas they brought him, each muse bringing one in this case, it would seem, to show that they were all wooing him:

"The aged year is perishing
By slow but sad degrees,
The wind e'en now begins to sing
His death-dirge in the trees.
With an *ice-sickle* beard on his withered chin,
And the white frost strewn on his temples thin,
The poor old year is dying.

"But a day we'll give to comfort him,
He shall not cheerless go;
We'll bind a wreath of evergreen
Above his wreath of snow.
Let us honor him when his life's on the wane,
For the sake of the hours which brightened his reign,
For the sake of 'auld lang syne.'"

"Heap the branch on the festal hearth,
Until the dancing flame
Mirrors its flashes in bright eyes
That flash them back again.
To life's importunate cares we'll turn a deaf ear,
And cheer up the heart of the perishing year
While his last sand is falling."

Then follows the especially Christmas part of the ode, in four stanzas of twelve lines each, and in entirely a different measure from the others, and the whole closes thus,—

"From off thy altar, first, my heart,
Let grateful incense rise,
To blend with that which angel bands
Are offering in the skies.

Then mayst thou well lend both a smile and a tear
To cheer up the heart of the perishing year
While his last sand is falling."

Only a few days pass, and the end of the year comes indeed, and he closes his journal for 1844 with "a few lines which have been suggested to me during the last moments of the year." We cannot forbear copying a part of them,—

"I turn my glance upon the past,
And o'er the dim expanse
Methinks I see a motley crowd
Of shadowy forms advance.

"Onward they come! And nearer now
And more distinct they seem,
Tho' still they're glancing here and there,
Like phantoms in a dream,—

"Old *Wishes* which, a year ago,
A yearning heart sent forth;
Desires which have been unmet since
The spirit gave them birth;

"*Hopes* which have thrown upon the heart
Full oft a soft'ning ray,
And warmed it as the sunshine warms
The springing soil of May;

"And *Fears*, in sombre mantle dressed,
Approached with mournful tread,

Shedding around the same deep gloom
Which months ago they shed.

"On, on they come, those shadowy forms!
And each, as it draws nigh,
Towards the future seems to point,
And future-wards glides by.

"And as I cross the narrow line
Which separates two years,
I see them beck'ning unto me,
Those *Hopes*, *Desires*, and *Fears*."

As a further illustration of the poetic gift that was in him, and remained in him, and also of the fine humor which was so natural to him, and of which more will be said by and by, we will record here some lines he sent to a couple of very dear friends on the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. They are worthy of notice for their combination of humor with the utmost tenderness and beauty of poetic thought and feeling.

It needs only to be premised by way of explanation that the husband was connected with the grain business in Chicago, and that the entire family had spent a couple of years in Europe, and that a pitcher of Venetian glass was sent by express as a companion offering of friendship and affection with the following lines:

"Fifteen years of marriage! Tell us, O Poet,
To what shall we liken them.
To beads Venetian, may be, strung on a thread of silver.
Each year, before vanishing, has come to put its bead on the string: 'tis a rosary.
The first bead is white, mainly, so it becometh the year of the bridal. Specks in it, are there? No; there is nothing but dust on the surface.
The other beads are of mixed and varied color,—gold-dust sprinkled in here and there, blue streaks now and then, rose colors also, crimson, brown, mauve London smoke for aught I know.
One bead has the name of Robbie on it, another Fanny, and so on, time fails me to mention.
Two beads have colors Helvetian, Italian, Parisian, and what not; They flame, they cool, they glow like Jüngfrau at sunset.
Some of them look as if wheat-grains were stuck in here and there, or corn may be, or barley.
On the whole a goodly rosary.

"These years are fifteen crystal goblets.
The first is filled with honey caught from the dripping moon,
The next with the self-same article of manufacture domestic,—nobody stung in the process.
Then the rest are filled with—perhaps you think honey is getting monotonous?—well, we'll say wine, milk, nectar. No; not ice-water! I thank you: the mixtures are all generous.
Pleasant, likewise, are they to the taste and smell, even if there be now and then a trace of paregoric and Munn's Elixir or such like.
Confidentially, it is said none of these fluids ever fermented, or became otherwise such that one would be willing to smash any of the goblets.

"These years are fifteen crystal vases.

White flowers in the first one. No; not camellias, waxen images, expressionless, without even an eye like a violet's; roses rather, jasmines, flowers that breathe and make love-songs out of the octaves of fragrance.

Forget-me-nots, now and then, in the other vases, blooming there while the 'gude mon' is absent,—just as if they were needed.

Is that an 'Eidelweiss?' I suspect so: it is the flower of the lover.

Thistles! Avaunt, thou bachelor, with nothing but bachelor's buttons, withered at that, in thy vases.

"After all, what is better to signalize these years than a pitcher?

That is a unit, and these years are one.

A pitcher you can fill when you wish to,—

Put recollections, loves, thoughts on art, music, Daniel Deronda, and all sorts of things into the pitcher of comfort and pour them out in liquid speech.

Put what you please in the Venetian pitcher consigned to the care of the express company.

Write the fifteen years' history on fifteen separate sheets of paper, if that suit you,

Then burn them, incinerate, reduce them by cremation;

First embalm them in the spicery of affection, then stand solemn by as they go the way of the Barré de Palm.

Gather them when naught is left but ashes, all that is not solid substance gone off in smoke;

Commit them to the pitcher, and thou shalt have a memento.

The ink shall still be on the ashes, the history shall be there.

None but thou can read it. Look in, now and then, and smile and weep;

For history is real, though the page be burnt as the soul is, though what held it once be ashes."

These lines, early and late, indicate that Mr. Humphrey might have made himself at home in the realm of poetry and gracefully worn the "singing robes" had he so chosen. They reveal to us that the poet was "*born*" sure enough, but the preacher was born at the same time,—not twins, but a duality. It only needed, in the direction of poetry, the patient industry out of which greatness comes, and for which there was abundant disposition in him, and with which there would have been no lack of inspiration, it only needed this and the poet would have been *made* as well as born, for *poeta nascitur et fit* is as true as *poeta nascitur non fit.*

IX.

BUT Mr. Humphrey wrote another book while he was teaching at Crednal. This he commenced almost immediately on his arrival there, a few days before he commenced his journal. In this were recorded such religious thoughts and studies of the Bible as might not of themselves furnish any indication that he expected to be a minister. They might have been thus recorded by any Christian young man with equal thoughtfulness and eagerness for mental and spiritual improvement.

But as the year passes on these studies assume

more and more the character of profound and searching theological dissertations, some of which are exhaustive and masterly.

He deals meditatively with such subjects as "Communion with God," and "Christian Brotherhood," and "Christian Consecration," and such texts of Scripture as "Faith worketh by love," "He that is not for me is against me," "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ," and such like, and nowhere is the treatment shallow or careless, but it everywhere reveals patient reflection and honest application, whereby the theme is brought into vigorous relations to his own spiritual life.

But, first or last, he grapples with many of the most important and difficult problems of theology, with reference to both its scriptural and its psychological basis,—"The Nature of the Soul and its Immortality," "The Doctrines of Providence" (very fully and ably discussed), "The Relations of God's Sovereignty and Man's Freedom" (of course), "The Genuineness and Authenticity of the Scriptures," and so on. Not only did he grapple with these and such like themes, but he discussed them with such vigorous thought and such careful study, and with such a sustained glow of interest, and recorded his ideas in so fine a style of expression, that we are at no loss for the reason that when he began to

preach there was such a conspicuous absence of the quality of youngness in the sermons of the young preacher; so that Dr. Corwin, of Racine, says of him that, "such was the thoroughness of his collegiate and theological training, and such withal was the balance and maturity of his manhood, that the want of experience was little, if any, impediment to his success."

In reading these essays one is surprised to find so much of the breadth of intelligence, and insight of human nature, and penetration of thought, and brightness of imagination, and wealth of illustration, and peculiar skill of expression which characterized his maturer years; so that a person who has known and heard Mr. Humphrey only during the last years of his ministry would at once recognize the characteristics of his style, both of thought and expression, in reading these records of his "religious thoughts," which were commenced at Crednal before he was twenty years old, and finished before he was twenty-one.

Most persons who should read these records would say, "This man has no need of a course of theological study, he is prepared now to enter upon the work of his ministry."

But a practiced student would perceive that, admirable and mature as many of these essays are, yet

the subjects are taken up almost at random, and, collectively, there is not in them, and does not, of course, pretend to be, any of the completeness and comprehensiveness of a theological system. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that he had finished, or even commenced, his "theological studies,"—he was diligently preparing for them.

Occasionally in this book a very fine separate thought records itself in a modest parenthesis or footnote, as when he says, by way of corollary to some vivid conceptions of the soul's immortality,—

"The soul may be compared to a lamp which, as soon as it is lighted, is placed in a dark lantern. It sends a few struggling rays, perhaps, through chink and crevice, but break the lantern and it bursts out in all its original and native brilliancy."

These books make it evident that Mr. Humphrey's apparent fidelity to his own mental training in college had been real and to the last degree thorough.

And during this year at Crednal, what with his daily teaching and his accustomed amount of recreation and exercise, which consisted in hunting and fishing and riding on horseback (of which he was very fond, and in which he indulged in leaping fences sometimes), and something almost every day of cheerful, social intercourse with friends, how diligently must many of his best hours have been employed in this

high work of mental and spiritual and theological culture! How patiently and rigidly must he have held himself to this voluntary intellectual industry! How completely must he have learned to abstract himself and fix his thoughts on the subjects of his study! He seems to have had an intuitive knowledge that the secret of high success is not in gifts, but in the patient and diligent use and cultivation of gifts. His admirable powers of thinking and feeling, and of illustrating and expressing thought and feeling were not given to him, but acquired by the patient and sometimes severe appliances of mental discipline and industry. Sir Isaac Newton, being congratulated on his great intellectual achievements, said, with characteristic modesty, and yet with genuine sincerity, "It is owing more to patient attention than to any other talent;" and Sir William Hamilton quotes Helvetius as saying that "genius is nothing but continued attention" (*une attention suivie*).

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Humphrey was acting in accordance with this idea during his long year (almost fourteen months) at Crednal, and acting with remarkable strength of purpose and vigor of industry. It is difficult to estimate too highly the virtue or the value of this year's work.

The acquaintance which these two manuscript books imparts to us with the workings of his mind

during that year, is the more to be prized by us for the reason that we have not the means of following him with any closeness through the three following years of his theological seminary course. How he would be likely to improve his opportunities during that time, with the great and chosen work of his life fully fixed in his purpose, can be readily inferred from what we know of his course during the previous year, when his purpose was less decided, and when other duties were sharing the occupancy of his time and strength.

However, we find another manuscript book, commenced during his first year at Andover, which is entirely aside from his notes on the seminary lectures, and which consists of independent treatises of his own on "The Origin of Evil," "The Fall of Man and its Consequences," "Justification," etc., showing a comprehensive and laborious study of these and such like themes in the order and sequence of a philosophical system; so that we are left in no doubt that he continued to depend for success in the high purpose of his life not upon gifts, but upon patient, severe work, upon the diligent and persevering use and cultivation of his gifts.

X.

THE "Macedonian cry" from the West entered into his ear and received his attention. He was not without solicitude (nor were his friends for him) lest the character of his tastes and methods might not be adapted to the rough, frontier work to which he regarded himself as summoned. Nevertheless he decided to obey the indefinite call, and though it was not without some feeling of loneliness, yet it was with unfaltering purpose and bounding joy that he turned his face in that direction, and "went out not knowing whither he went."

But we are in no need of explanations of this movement. There would have been more need of finding reasons for his staying nearer home, if he had done that. It was almost as sure as a law of nature at that time that the rising sun of the life of a strong, earnest, and untrammelled young minister should move toward the West. And whatever might have been his personal timidity and self-distrust, yet, in the light of what we know of his superior preparations and his eager purposes, and the deliberate but fervent heartiness with which he had married himself to his chosen work, we can only think of him as going forth "like

a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."

The young State of Wisconsin was then a part of the "West," and we find Mr. Humphrey, in the autumn of 1850, already the chosen pastor of a thriving church in the city of Racine.

This was a charming city, "beautiful for situation," on a fine bluff, between Lake Michigan on the one hand, out of which the sun rose in the morning, and a vast stretch of rich prairie on the other, behind the western edge of which he was seen to go down, often amid gorgeous accompaniments, at evening.

These visions were a source of constant delight to the young minister, who appropriated them with a sort of surprised gratitude as a part of the "goodly heritage" that had so quickly come to him in his new home, and he used to speak in his letters with thankful enthusiasm of the "pleasant places" in which the lines had fallen to him.

Albeit he remembered with longing, though with no discontent, the other and different charms of the hilly East. In one of his letters to Delhi, after speaking of the outlook from his windows, he said, "Nevertheless, it seems to me, I would give a thousand square miles of prairie for the wooded hill back of Judge Hathaway's house at Delhi, and the whole of Lake Michigan for the series of cascades at Fall Creek."

But the best of his "goodly heritage" was his field of work, embracing not only his own parish, but the rapidly-developing country stretching across and up and down the State. He was interested in, and could have something to do for, the whole of it. This left him no thought of Eastward longings He enlarged himself toward the greatness and breadth of this field, and soon his was found to be among the efficient hands that were touching the springs of Christian organization and activity which extended through the State and beyond, and were helping to shape the institutions and the social character of the Northwest. He had a clear discernment of the best methods of church work, and a persuasive way of advocating them. His face was familiar and his voice welcome in the religious State Conventions, and those who have the closest acquaintance with the early history of that region will be quickest to testify that impressions received from his wise and earnest words were carried everywhere, as fruitful seeds of good influence, over the whole field of what was then the Northwest.

In respect to the more limited field of his parish at Racine, it is entirely prudent, nay, it is but the beginning of the truth to say that his success was marked and genuine from the first. He was the first pastor of the church, and the two adopted each other with all the ardor and mutual confidence of a young bride

and groom. Every interest of the church prospered. The congregation was steadily enlarged and strengthened. They were soon enabled to build a substantial and stately church, which avails and satisfies them yet. This large edifice was soon filled with regular adherents to the parish, and was kept filled year after year.

The spiritual prosperity of the church was equally marked. The increase of membership and the growth of spiritual strength were not spasmodic, but steady and continuous. The success was equally among the cultured and uncultured people, but largely among the strong and substantial elements of the community.

Let us look at the causes of this success, first of all recognizing, as he constantly and emphatically did, the dependence of the whole of it upon the divine favor and blessing; but the Lord works by means, and by means that are adapted to their ends.

He was ordained and installed in October, 1850. In November we find him commencing private books again, such as are appropriate to his changed circumstances.

First, a book on "Funeral Thoughts." November 13th, funeral of a child; no text, but a carefully-prepared address, tender, soothing, instructive, explanatory of the sad mysteries of Providence.

November 19th, funeral of a pious mother; no text, but an appropriate address, with exquisitely

delicate illustrations of the abiding results of quiet godliness in the family and in society.

February 22d, funeral of a public man at the place of public worship, with a strong sermon on the text, "No man dieth to himself."

The second book is one of "Sacramental Thoughts," commencing January 5, 1851, with the suggestions again of a familiar and vivacious but instructive address, not of mere words, but of thoughts; and so on from one communion season to another.

These books are just indexes of his diligence and industry, his faithful endeavor to do everything well, to make every service accomplish its object, and every address appropriate to, and worthy of, its occasion.

XI.

MR. HUMPHREY'S sermons, which spoke for Christ and His truth, during those years at Racine, remain to speak for themselves and for him who made them. They were elaborated, not into heaviness and dryness and obscurity, but into simplicity and clearness and beauty. They were scriptural sermons and orthodox sermons, and sometimes Calvinistic sermons, but they were always Mr. Humphrey's sermons, and were meant for his hearers, and adapted to the very time of their date and delivery.

They were richly adorned with illustrations, and their rhetorical finish was fine, but with a solid substance always of honest and vigorous thought, and a sober lesson always of important practical truth. They charmed his people, while also they stimulated, instructed, and enriched them.

"From no single discourse," says Dr. Corwin, "were men likely to go away without the feeling that they had been intellectually instructed and religiously fed."

These sermons were far, however, from being satisfactory to himself. He judged them always by his ideals, which of course they could only approximate. Therefore his estimate of his own sermons was habitually and genuinely modest. Not even to those with whom he was most confidential did he express or manifest any delighted complacency in his own sermons, considered as his productions. This was true of him throughout his ministry. The only known exception was in the case of the last sermon of his life, of which we shall have occasion to speak again. It was preached away from home, by appointment, at a meeting of his Synod. On his return to his home, the person who knew more of his private thoughts than any other said to him, "How did your sermon go?" "Go!" he said, with an eager and happy smile, "for once I have made a ten-strike!" This was the nearest approach to boasting that even that person

ever knew him to make, and this was the very last of his preaching. Happy result! that he who had so long and constantly delighted others should be permitted in the end to delight himself.

But during those years at Racine, Mr. Humphrey's preaching was a source of continual joy and profit and pride to the people who were permitted to call him pastor. A chief reason of this was that his preaching was skilfully and studiously adapted to the conditions and needs of his people, of which he had a keen and wise discernment.

Let it be remembered, however, that in all we say about his adapting himself to his people there is no reference to that kind of adaptation in which the preacher seems to say, "Now, my friends, I shall try to get down to your level." There was nothing of that in Mr. Humphrey. It was not any intellectual inferiority of his people, but a careful discernment of their spiritual needs and cravings, to which he sought to adapt himself.

These varied needs were not merely recognized by a few words here and there in a sermon, but they were thoroughly and exhaustively met by entire sermons, so explaining each essential phase of the religious life, in its relations to other essential phases, that its place and value would never be forgotten.

For example, he found that many persons were dis-

couraged about their religious life because they had not so much of inward spiritual experience and religious meditation as others whom they read about in books or heard from in the conference meetings, so he early preached a sermon about Mary and Martha, setting forth the distinction between the "contemplative" and the "active" types of personal piety so clearly that the difficulty in the minds of those troubled persons was entirely and once for all removed, and they remembered that sermon and were helped by it, and by the confirmatory truth that became, from time to time, associated with it, during all their subsequent years.

This was one of the best characteristics of his preaching from first to last, that his people, regarding themselves, while listening to him, as simply interested and instructed, would find afterwards, often to their surprise, that a vitalizing idea, an organic thought, a living and seminal principle of truth had been planted in them, and had so taken root in their natures as to abide with and influence them forever.

His preaching not only had this characteristic, but had it in peculiar degree and more and more remarkably as he ripened in his work, so that hundreds of his people are distinctly conscious that at particular times seed-thoughts were wafted almost imperceptibly into their minds by the very breath of Mr. Hum-

phrey's preaching, and so quietly and penetratingly deposited there that they have been ever afterwards among the moulding and formative influences of their lives.

It is the same characteristic, that of so presenting truth as to impress it upon the mind and give it a vital hold there, which shows itself in the broader realm of philosophic and speculative thought, as recognized, for example, by Rev. John M. Bishop, of Covington, Indiana, in an article in one of the religious papers since Dr. Humphrey's death. He says, "I am indebted to Dr. Z. M. Humphrey, the lovely and lamented, for my best and most lasting impression of the idea of *organic church life*. In one of his earlier articles he so beautifully presented the thought that it had to me the air of originality. It *was* original in the highest and best sense. I ought to have been impressed with so fundamental a principle before I met with Dr. Humphrey's presentation of it," and so on.

Many persons who came in contact with Mr. Humphrey, through his preaching, often felt that they ought to have known before some principle or truth which seemed so clear after he had explained it, and which, thus impressed upon them, became a permanent part of their intellectual and spiritual furniture. So when, at Racine, he illustrated the never to be

explained harmony of human freedom with divine decrees by the rock at Gibraltar,—"divided above, but forever one below, out of sight,"—he left a life-long impression in some minds, amounting to an indestructible conviction, that, however mysterious and inexplicable it may be, the harmony *exists*, and forever has its place, among the "deep things of God."

Among the causes of this peculiarly felicitous way of presenting truth so as to *print* it on the mind, or, if it were practical truth, to *plant* it in the soil of the soul, were, first, his habit of industrious and thorough study of every principle of which he would assume to be a teacher; and then, secondly, his careful and acute discernment of what was necessary in order to adapt his presentation of the thought to the spiritual receptivity of the learner. Thus there was a perfect interior adjustment of the mind of the teacher to that of the taught. They were *en rapport* with each other. There was no apparent effort on the part of the speaker to assail and take possession of the hearer, and no feeling on the part of the hearer that he was being assailed and taken possession of, but the thought flowed or glided from the one mind to the other, and was the same vital thing in the latter place that it had been in the former.

This was one of the secrets of his quiet power as a preacher from first to last, a power that was often

irresistible because, at the time of its application, it was unperceived and therefore unresisted. Some one has said that a person must choose between leading and seeming to lead. Mr. Humphrey never seemed to lead, never seemed conscious of his own leadership, never tried to lead for the sake of leading, and partly for that very reason he never failed to be a leader.

We were noticing that he adapted his earliest preaching to the needs and conditions of his people at Racine,—not to their superficial needs merely, but to those undiscovered by themselves until revealed to them through his profound and comprehensive discernment.

Besides the "Mary and Martha" sermon, he early saw the need of preaching a clearing-up sermon on the manifoldness or many-sidedness of the nature of Christ, and his consequent competency to be the Christ and Saviour of all varieties of persons, so that the most peculiarly constituted and isolated believer could still have a Christ of his own (speaking reverently), a Saviour who could understand *him* and sympathize with and help *him*. This sermon on Christ as "The Son of Man" has been a message of light and comfort and strength to thousands. It was rewritten and perfected and repeatedly preached until the voice of the preacher ceased to be heard by the

ears of mortals, and is now printed in a later part of this volume, that through the eye its helpful truth may find its way to the hearts of thousands more.

Another of his early sermons (both early and late), which may also be found farther on in this volume, was on "The Centrality of the Cross." In this it is shown that Christ crucified is not only the central theme of all Christian preaching, and the central doctrine of Christian theology, but the central object of all history. Whosoever reads may judge.

The idea of this sermon had an organizing influence upon his theological thinking and conclusions, so that when, near the end of his life, he came to write an elaborate article for the *Presbyterian Review* (July, 1881) on "the Theology of Professor H. B. Smith," he was prepared to do the work with peculiar and affectionate delight, because it was the specially characteristic fact about Professor Smith's theology that he made the doctrine of the cross to be the starting-point and central principle of his system, and this was in precise accord with Dr. Humphrey's early preaching and his life-long tendencies and habits of thought.

The idea of this sermon on "the Centrality of the Cross" also gave law as well as liberty, shape and yet limitless breadth to his preaching. He could say with St. Paul, "I determined to know nothing among

you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But this not only allowed, it encouraged and secured an endless variety and continuous freshness in his preaching, because all the truths of history, and all the truths of nature and philosophy and literature and civil government would be found to converge towards Christ, in accordance with that established doctrine of the "Centrality of the Cross." Hence the kaleidoscopic beauty and variety of his preaching. A thousand themes, and yet Christ always the theme! Ten thousand melodious strains, and yet Christ the perpetual undertone of them all! It is like the variations of some sweet and familiar air in music,—like the variations of "Home, Sweet Home," for example, by Thalberg, in which he carries you through many strains of sweet and varied harmony, amid all of which something of the spirit of the central theme breathes itself, though the actual notes of that tune are quite unheard, except that now and then, amid the continuous flow of sweet sounds, the familiar strains of "Sweet Home" salute the ear for a moment, only to be lost again as the movement widens out into other and still other variations, showing how much of the soul of music must be embodied in that one simple tune that it can spread itself out into such rich and continuous and varied and abundant melodies.

So with the continuous stream of Mr. Humphrey's

preaching for thirty years,—it was like a prolonged anthem of varied harmonies, drawing the material for the illustration and effectual rendering of its themes from "the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth," from mountains and plains and woods and gardens, from history and poetry and art and the minds and hearts of common men, and yet all the parts of the anthem were symphonious, harmonized with each other by their common accord with the one underlying and central theme, the familiar tones of which were made audible with perpetual frequency to the most careless listener, and almost constantly recognized by the ears of the thoughtful ones. Of course that one theme was the Divine Redeemer, the Jesus of the gospels. And why *should* not everything be made to speak of Him, since "all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made"? Why *should* not the lives and deeds and writings of common and of uncommon men be made to speak of Him of whom it is said, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men?"

No person who heard Mr. Humphrey in either of his parishes, no person who reads the few sermons at the end of this volume, especially no person who should read the hundreds of sermons that are preserved in neatly-written manuscripts, could fail to

perceive that amid the ceaseless and marvellous variety of special topics and helpful expositions and vivid illustrations, in which nothing is too grand and nothing too minute for his appropriation, and nothing in nature or history or literature or art seems to be overlooked, yet there is the constant presence of the crucified and risen and teaching Christ.

Mr. Humphrey's preaching was spoken of above, almost unconsciously, as a continuous stream of preaching for more than thirty years. It was a stream that broadened and deepened as it flowed, and left a constantly increasing fruitfulness along its banks; and the waters of that stream flowed from the rock that was typified at Marah, and that rock was ubiquitous along the line of Mr. Humphrey's preaching. His people "drank of that spiritual rock that *followed* them, and that rock was Christ." (Ex. xvii. 6, and 1 Cor. x. 4.) Therefore his preaching had life and power as well as variety and freshness, and when withal it was directed and shaped, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by a peculiarly keen and careful discernment of the actual conditions and needs of his people, we may not wonder at its quiet and steady but rich and abundant fruitfulness, a fruitfulness the value of which can only be measured when its quality as well as its quantity is taken into account.

In this consideration of the characteristics of Mr.

Humphrey's preaching we can hardly overestimate, even by repetition, the importance of his peculiarly felicitous method of so presenting the gospel as to *infuse* it, so to speak, into the minds and hearts of his hearers. It was the gospel of Christ always that he preached, not the totality of the gospel every time, but "rightly *dividing* the word of truth and giving to each a portion in due season."

His own expressed idea of originality in preaching was not to invent or discover new truth for his hearers, but to melt the old truth in the crucible of his own thoughts and feelings, and then administer it for the spiritual healing and nourishment of those who heard him. He did not dilute the truth, but he *solved* it, made a *solution* of the very substance of it, so that it could flow, and did flow, like a healing stream of the water of life into the thirsty spirits of his people. He did not hurl theology at them in solid and heavy chunks, but he analyzed and aerified it within his own industrious and fervent soul, and then breathed it upon them, so that they were surrounded by it as by an atmosphere, and inhaled it as the very breath of the Spirit of God, which indeed it was, coming through him as the Spirit's instrument. This was a process which was symbolized by the Saviour when he breathed upon his disciples and said, "Receive the Holy Spirit," and which he expounded unto them

when he said, "It is the spirit that quickeneth. The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life."

The influence of this kind of preaching was penetrating and persuasive, and could not easily be resisted. It was difficult for the most captious to antagonize it, and strong men would find that it had taken hold of them without their knowing it, and they had yielded to it unawares. Their spirits had inhaled the needed truth as unconsciously as their lungs had inhaled the needed air.

However, this atmosphere that was breathed from Mr. Humphrey's preaching was not always of the soothing and zephyr-like kind. There was generally present in it the ozone of a vigorous spiritual tonic, and sometimes it stirred the assembly as perceptibly as a gale stirs the sea, and sometimes, though not often, it was like the breath of the divine wrath, and came with an infliction of pain to the undefended soul as the breath of a Wisconsin "blizzard" does to the unprotected cheek or brow. But it was never a manufactured storm, gotten up for stage effect. It came by its own propulsion from the calm and passionless depths of changeless goodness and infinite reason, and it was as useless to quarrel with it as to fight against God and the truth. It was never the needless severity of the preacher's passion, but always the necessary se-

verity of righteousness and love, so that, though he was searching and severe enough at times, he was never abusive of "sinners." He used that word very sparingly, and never indiscriminately or flippantly. He had respect for the rational and moral faculties, and reverence for the souls even of wicked men, and they knew it, and he held their attention and seldom offended them, and often convinced and persuaded and transformed them. As when he was a boy, with as positive a nature as any other boy, he was never known to quarrel with any, so when he became a preacher, with as positive a doctrine and teaching as any other, he aroused no quarrels. The severe things he uttered were so manifestly the voice of God and reason and goodness, speaking through him, that even bad men could not quarrel with *him*, even if they did with the truth.

There was a man living at Racine at that time, a strong, sensible, shrewd man of business, a cautious, discriminating, critical, merciless judge of character, not appreciative of refinement or nice culture, or caring to be, but attaching supreme value to clear, honest, hard common sense, and utterly intolerant, if not denunciatory, of any absence of it; and it is a remarkable testimony to the sturdy, plain, practical side of Dr. Humphrey's ministry at Racine that this man, who attended upon the whole of it, not only became

a steadfast admirer, but to this day warms up with enthusiasm at the very mention of his name, through sheer admiration of Dr. Humphrey's unvarying practical wisdom and genuine, infallible good sense.

The theology of Dr. Humphrey's preaching was Calvinistic in the spirit rather than in the letter. That is to say, he preached the doctrines of that system without making much use of its technical terms. He took his nomenclature from the vocabulary of the Bible rather than from that of the catechism. He was grounded from his youth in the Westminster standards, and he retained to the end of his life an honest adherence to them, not in the "*ipsissima verba*" sense, but for "*substance of doctrine.*"

Mr. Wilson very justly and appreciatively says of him, "He had mental courage, but he was no adventurer in the world of thought. He was awake to what was new and kindly disposed toward it, but he was not a man to lift up the axe upon the carved work of the sanctuary. He was restrained by a holy conservatism from touching lightly anything whereby God had made himself known."

Much might be said about his *pastoral* work, but little need be said, because so much is implied and can readily be inferred from what has been said concerning the adaptation of his preaching to the needs and conditions of his people. This could only be done

by his knowing them; and he did know them individually, had a photograph of each on his mind, and was thus able to adapt himself to all their varieties of character and condition.

He was much among them, in their houses and at their places of business, and manifested a personal interest in all that pertained to their welfare. His habits of study were so systematic, and his work in study hours so prompt and economical of time, that his pastoral work was a semi-recreation, furnishing variety and comparative rest, and never seemed to crowd him.

He had no selfish objects to accomplish, but lived and breathed and thought and studied and worked for his people, and they knew it. They knew also that he was a good man, honest and true, from the centre of his heart to the very finger-ends of his life, and they trusted and believed in him, and he had great personal influence and power with them.

The present pastor of that church, Rev. Dr. Corwin, says, "Perhaps more than any other man, Dr. Humphrey has left the impress of his personal excellence and his broad, scholarly culture alike upon the religious and educational interests of this city."

XII.

IT was during Mr. Humphrey's third year at Racine that he became acquainted with Miss Harriette L. Sykes, who had come from her home in Westfield, New York, to spend the winter with some friends in that city, and in 1853 (April 20th), she became his wife.

While we are not permitted to say anything as directly concerning her, we owe it to him—it is a necessary part of our record of his life—to say that he regarded her as an equal part of it. He honored her, even as she honored him, and more than this on the part of either would have been idolatry. She entered into all his studies and all his schemes for Christian teaching and Christian usefulness, and was a co-efficient factor in the carrying out of those plans. And in all that is said in these pages concerning the beauty and efficiency of his work, he would have us recognize between the lines the unwritten name of one who was as present with him in his intellectual and spiritual as in his outward and visible life, one who studied with him, thought with him, planned with him, worked with him, and in every possible way cheered and strengthened and helped him.

The harmony and happiness of their married life was complete, and during its twenty-eight years seven children were given to them, six daughters and one

son. Four of these, including the son, went before in their childhood, and are now with the father, constituting that part of the family which is in heaven. The other three remain to be a comfort and treasure to their widowed mother, the oldest having married Professor Edward P. Morris, now at Drury College, Springfield (Missouri); the second, matured in her young womanhood, and able to be a help as well as a comfort by her mother's side; and the youngest, who, with the femininized name of the father, was called Zephine, is still young enough to be a sweet and blessed care, as well as a comfort and treasure to the mother.

XIII.

THE representation that has been given of Mr. Humphrey as preacher and pastor at Racine will serve equally well in connection with his other parishes, except that he was constantly growing. There was no other noticeable change in him, except as an increased mastery of his methods and his material led to an enlargement and increased excellence of his work. His acquaintance with his great text-book, the Bible, became more profound and extensive and varied, and thus the treasury of his *thoughts* was enlarged, from which he could "bring forth things new and old."

His diligent study of nature and of history increased his power of ready and vivid *illustration.* His growing knowledge of men and of the philosophy of mind augmented his success in the varied and discriminating *application* of truth to the conditions and dispositions of his hearers.

Continued and abundant experience perfected the skill and beauty of his already felicitous and charming style of *expressing* his thoughts.

So that he was simply advancing and improving upon himself, and was able to adapt himself to the larger demands of the larger parishes to which he was called. Carrying with him the same habits of industry, and the same spirit of devotion to his work, and the same excellencies of disposition and character, he thus carried the elements of sure success with him, and he was equally prospered and useful wherever he went.

He left Racine for Milwaukee, because the interests of the church at large seemed to demand his presence at the more important centre of influence and power.

Dr. Patterson says that "in less than three years he became, it is probable, the leading minister in the State, in point of quiet strength and commanding power. To those of us who knew his unobtrusive manner and modest demeanor, alike in the pulpit and out of it, it seemed a marvel that amid the bustling

activity of a rapidly-growing city at the West such a man should so speedily have gained a position among the very first of his brethren, and be deemed worthy of any pulpit far or near. During this period, as before, Dr. Humphrey was never suspected of ambition for notoriety, or a desire to occupy any position that might be deemed honorable to himself for such a reason. When a leader in the church, as in earlier years, it seemed to be his simple aim to become more and more fitted for useful labors, and to do the work set before him in the best manner, embracing every department of Christian activity and influence for good."

This is a golden record, made by one who knows what is golden. It is a generous testimony to the remarkable combination in Mr. Humphrey of quietness with energy, and humility with conspicuous leadership and princely prominence.

But another unsought-for promotion awaited him. At Dr. Patterson's suggestion, the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago gave him a call to its pastorate. The suggestion was prompted by kindness to both the church and the man, as well as by the accustomed wisdom of the suggestor.

It was publicly supposed that Mr. Humphrey would not be willing to remove, or allowed by his church to remove, from his position in Milwaukee. But Dr.

Patterson knew privately a reason for believing the contrary. That reason is very delicately given in Dr. Patterson's address, page 9.

It was essentially this, that Mr. Humphrey could not bring himself into complete accord with the Congregationalism of his church at Milwaukee, and was unwilling to antagonize it. He had become convinced that the organic structure of that Congregationalism was neither scriptural nor expedient. He had no conflict with the church, nor they with him. Their mutual relations were pleasant and peaceful from first to last, so that it was not the experience of pressure, as in the case of President Edwards at Northampton, a hundred years earlier, but the pressure of experience that led him to prefer the Presbyterian to the Congregational Church polity, and he distinctly declared at the time that he could not and would not have left Milwaukee except for the conscientious and therefore insurmountable conviction that the line of his duty led him into the Presbyterian Church. Therefore the call to the First Church in Chicago was opportune and open to him, and he accepted it.

Here he entered upon a still larger and more inviting field of labor. Again the generous testimony of his co-presbyter and near neighbor, Dr. Patterson, comes to our aid, and with a grateful appreciation of

both its justness and its generosity, we quote it from his memorial address, pp. 9 and 10:

"Here, as elsewhere, his labors were quietly but arduously performed. 'Careful progress in all directions' was his motto. He created no great sensation as a preacher, but steadily gained the increasing respect of his congregation and of the whole community as a clear, attractive, and forcible expounder of divine truth in its practical applications. . . .

"He only needed to be known in our great and stirring community to be honored as a finished and impressive preacher of the gospel and a Christian gentleman of rare accomplishments. I well remember with what respect and admiration he was spoken of by the educated young men of our city beyond the pale of his own congregation, and the high esteem in which he was held by his ministerial brethren of all denominations. Perhaps the best part of all the good work he did in Chicago consisted in the remarkably fine *organization* of his people, younger and older, for systematic beneficence and for Christian efficiency in Sunday-school and mission enterprises. . . .

"From that day onward the social, moral, and spiritual forces of that church have been gaining strength, until it has visibly assumed a position of commanding influence such as few other churches in the West now occupy. It is worth more than nine years of even

such a life to have contributed in such large measure to the permanent character of such a Christian organization in such a centre of commercial, social, political, and religious power, in the midst of the prospective millions and scores of millions of the Northwest."

Mr. Humphrey was greatly favored in respect to the kinds of men that he drew around him at Chicago, and around whom he threw the silken cords of his influence,—active business men in the very prime of their lives, some men of highest education and finest culture, some men of large enterprise and prominent influence, men of sterling worth and judicial prudence, men of conspicuous and persevering energy, generous and whole-souled men, and throngs of younger men just entering upon lives of activity and influence in the great and growing city. Over all these and others undescribed, the men and women and children of his congregation, he not only gained a strong influence, but the manifold excellencies of his ministry, to which no good quality seemed to be wanting, so touched all classes of them, and touched each individual of them at so many points, that he had their peculiar and unbounded affection. He and the nameless one by his side were beloved, admired, honored by all and singular of this large parish to such degree as seldom falls to the lot of minister or any other mortal man. Nothing was ever more genuine and legitimate than

this unanimous and almost supreme affection of this people for Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, and yet it is too sacred and tender a thing to be spoken of more particularly, and we will only add that when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met with this First Church in Chicago in 1870, some years after he had left it, although the movement for making him moderator originated in Philadelphia, and was strong from the first by reason of his acknowledged ability and fitness for the position, yet a manifest desire both to gratify and endorse this undiminished affection and admiration of Mr. Humphrey's Chicago people for him showed itself in his election to the moderatorship, which high and difficult position he filled as creditably to himself and as satisfactorily to all concerned as he did each and every other position that he ever occupied.

XIV.

BUT, notwithstanding Mr. Humphrey's continued usefulness at Chicago, and the peculiarly strong mutual affection between him and his people, there comes another change of place to be accounted for.

He had been repeatedly crippled and Mrs. Humphrey several times alarmingly prostrated by the severe climate of Chicago, in connection with their consuming devotion to their work.

In 1868, at the end of summer, they returned from their liberal vacation *not recruited.* At their tea-table, in the presence of a brother minister, this matter of health was the subject of conversation. Mr. Humphrey said to his wife, "You *must* leave Chicago." She replied, across the table, "*You* must leave Chicago."

The brother minister said nothing, but on going to his study wrote a few lines that very evening to a friend in Philadelphia, saying, "It is a settled thing that Dr. Humphrey, for health's sake, must leave Chicago. Perhaps Calvary Church will be interested to know it."

A few days later Dr. Humphrey was surprised by the receipt of a letter from Calvary Church in Philadelphia, saying, "We are told that you must leave Chicago. Will you consider a call from us?" And before he could get an answer to them the call itself came.

His family physician, one of his warmest admirers, had the courage and fidelity to tell him frankly that it was his duty to go. And when his people remonstrated, and offered to wait for him during several years of rest, and signifying their desire to do anything that might be needful to bring him back to them and keep him and Mrs. Humphrey among them, his constant and only answer, given amid his tears sometimes, was, "All that does not remove the difficulty: we cannot live in Chicago."

And so the separation was accomplished, amid universal regrets and many tears.

The story of this great trial to pastor and people, and of the noble spirit of submission to the divine will with which they bore it, is told in a pamphlet printed at the time by order of the congregation. This pamphlet contains Dr. Humphrey's letter of resignation, in which he sets forth the one cause which necessitates his going, and the predominant spirit of the communication is, as it needs to be, a spirit of *resignation* indeed.

The pamphlet next contains the resolutions of response, adopted amid deepest emotion by the congregation, which should also be designated as resolutions of *resignation.*

And then comes, finally, the "Farewell Sermon" by Dr. Humphrey, from the text (Acts xxi. 14), "*And when he would not be persuaded they ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done.*" This sermon was written and uttered, as the text indicates, not for himself, but for his people and from their stand-point, and in order to help *them to resign.*

From the above-mentioned resolutions of the congregation, the following is a brief extract:

"In taking leave of our pastor, he has from us that deep sense of gratitude and obligation, which nothing but faithful and untiring devotion to duty and truth

can evoke, and which comes alone from honest hearts in the hour of separation. He has given us nine years of the work-time and summer of his life. We hoped to have travelled on with him well into the autumn, but we shall all treasure up and carry with us to our journey's end the much that, with his learning and devotion to truth, he has taught us of the Christian life and hope."

This is but saying, under feeling so strong and full as evidently to embarrass utterance, what, in its essential purport, each of the congregations to which he ministered would heartily endorse.

XV.

THE seven years of Dr. Humphrey's pastorate in the serene and cultured city of Philadelphia had a peculiar relation to the full maturity of his life as preacher and pastor. They were years of continued and unrelaxed industry. The common atmosphere of business and society, as of nature and climate, was less stimulating there than at Chicago, yet *he* was never more stimulated. As he had always seemed calm and judicially deliberate amid the eager excitements of the West, which were intensified at Chicago, so was he always animated and energetic amid his quieter surroundings in Philadelphia. The strong

and evenly-balanced elements of his inner life were adequate to both these results.

There seemed to be nothing wanting to him at Chicago, and yet evidently much was made up to him at Philadelphia. He was in more direct and close connection with the centres of organization for the world-wide work of the church. In these organizations, and outside of them, he was brought in contact and co-operation with a larger number of the wisest and strongest and most richly endowed men of the church and of the nation, men older and riper than he. He had some of them in his session. He preached to them in his congregation. He sat with them at the meetings of permanent committees, where large enterprises of Christian beneficence and of public improvement were under consideration. He met them also in social life. All this was healthfully stimulating to him. It broadened his horizons and thus enlarged him. It drew from the deepest fountains of his intellectual and moral nature, and thus not only ripened him in directions where there was an imperceptible unripeness before, but gave a richer bloom and a finer flavor in directions where there was ripeness before.

In his earlier ministry he had a favorite sermon on a part of one of the verses of the 104th Psalm, where, leaving out the needless and weakening *Italics*, he finds for his text the words, "*The trees of the Lord are* FULL."

This was a very suggestive and uplifting sermon in the direction of fulness of Christian growth and fruitfulness, securable from the fulness of the divine provisions.

"The trees of the Lord,"—*i.e.*, those trees which the Lord has chosen to make complete,—the ideal trees (Ez. xxxi. 3–9), are not only full of the sap and juice of an abundant vitality, but they strike their roots deep into the fertility of the soils and sub-soils, and they develop upward and outward in vastness and fulness and symmetry, and if they are fruit-trees, they load themselves with rich and thrifty fruit, and as they mature the nourishment drawn from the deepest soils and the aromas inhaled from the purest air and the fullest sunshine show themselves in the choicest and handsomest and most finely flavored fruit on the very topmost branches." That is the "tree of the Lord" when it is "*full.*"

Mr. Humphrey did not know when he wrote that sermon how accurately he was prophesying. But much of its highest significance was spiritually realized in himself, in the attainments of those culminating years of his life, as preacher and pastor, which were passed at Philadelphia. The deepest elements of his nature were quickened by the influences that surrounded him and the claims that were made upon his mind and heart, and the highest qualities of his character assumed a special bloom and beauty.

It was while he was at Philadelphia that the long-coveted privilege of a trip to Europe was granted him. He spent a few busy, happy, fruitful months with his family in Great Britain and on the Continent.

He felt himself greatly profited by that voyage and journey. It could not be otherwise but that he would be quickened and enriched by it in mind and heart. Not only a lover, but a very priest of nature, who more than he would find grand and inspiring views of nature and of nature's God everywhere,—on the sea, amid the lakes of England, where the poetry of a peaceful religion has so many shrines; amid the Highlands of Scotland, where the wild and craggy scenery is in such perfect consonance with the turbulent events and heroic deeds that are historically associated with it; and among the mountains of Switzerland?

A lover and a connoisseur of art, who more than he, with his quick eye and appreciative discernment, would catch almost at a glance in the cathedrals and ruined abbeys of Great Britain and in the galleries of Italy and Paris what long-continued study would not give to the ordinary traveller?

XVI.

IN the spring of 1875, Dr. Humphrey was elected to the chair of "Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity" in Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, which appointment, after careful consideration, he deemed it both a duty and a privilege to accept. He entered upon the duties of that professorship in September, 1875, at the beginning of the seminary year.

His ability to adapt himself to his new work was made manifest at the outset by his "Inaugural Address," the subject of which was "*History as a Record of Thought*,"—not a record of *events* merely, but of the thoughts, ideas, intelligent purposes and plans which are sure to be found underlying the events; human thoughts and purposes lying nearer the surface, but always God's thoughts and purposes ultimately and at the bottom. Even as the devout Kepler, after the assured discovery of the great law of the planetary system, bowed his knees and reverently said, "O God! I am but thinking thy thoughts after thee!"

But the history of human events is a record of God's thoughts and purposes, revealing themselves in and through men's thoughts and purposes. This is Dr. Humphrey's idea, and he illustrates it thus:

"It is common to speak of a tree, a flower, a bit of moss as revealing God's thought in their construction, but they reveal it equally in their uses, as adapted to promote the well-being of man. When a tree is used for a ship's mast, a flower for the healing of a disease, a tuft of moss for a cushion, a new revelation is made of the thoughts of God as well as of the thoughts of man; for God made these things with reference to these uses, and then constituted the mind of man so that it should discover the uses and apply them."

Thus a *soul* is put into history. It is no more a dead catalogue of facts and names and figures, but spirit and life are imparted to all its records, and a meaning and importance given to the study of it which can but awaken the interest and enthusiasm of every susceptible student. Dr. Humphrey gives his own expression of this idea, near the close of his address, when he says, "Here, then, is disclosed the place which is held by ecclesiastical history in the curriculum of a seminary whose object is the training of young men for the gospel ministry. Were its study that of facts alone, irrespective of what they teach, it would have but a minor importance. Were its end served by filling the mind with names and dates,—names of no more significance than those cut on the tombstones of a cemetery, dates telling

nothing more than the figures on the milestones of a deserted road,—the end would scarcely authorize the beginning of the study. Those who, in pursuing their theological course, have regarded the history of the church as only this, or chiefly, have failed to understand the lowest of its uses. They have found it duller than a graveyard, and drier than the dust which is nothing to them though it be the dust of dead heroes. It is not strange. But if one rightly apprehends at the outset what this study is, and what it can do for him, he will pursue it with all the interest and enthusiasm of which his nature is capable."

He entered with his characteristically quiet eagerness upon the duties of his professorship, and such were the breadth and comprehensiveness of his attainments, that he seemed to all but himself as well qualified for it as though he had devoted years of his previous life to studies pertaining to this very department. His system of instruction took mature shape and character almost at once, and from the first he was ready for his classes with the most and the best that it was possible for them to receive.

Possibly he was, in one respect, a better teacher for them than he would be after years of experience in that particular chair, because he was a fellow-learner with them, and less likely to overlook any helpful hints they might need, more likely to lead them step

by step, instead of springing with them across broad intervals which would be familiar to him, but unknown ground to them.

At all events he was completely successful from the first, so far as the stimulation and guidance and instruction of his classes was concerned, albeit during those five years the whole subject of history, as the record of divine and human thoughts,—of history as connected with the "Centrality of the Cross," or with God's plan of redemption,—was opening itself so grandly to his investigations, and organizing itself so clearly under the presentative and representative faculties of his mind, that his associates in the seminary could not adequately express their sense of loss in the sudden interruption and termination of his work.

But, aside from his success in his own particular department of instruction, his influence in the seminary as a man was felt to be of incalculable value. A man of genial and sprightly conversation, of pure motives, of almost infallible good judgment, of cheering courage and hopefulness, of genuine but unconscious greatness, of beautiful completeness and symmetry of character, his presence was a constant blessing to the students, and they received only good from him on whatever side and at whatever points they touched him.

However, his usefulness in the seminary, outside of his own special department, was not all of this

unconscious and unlaborious kind. He has left another manuscript book, which reveals the most industrious and skilful preparation on his part to instruct and fortify the young men in every possible direction of prospective usefulness.

For example, there were certain weeks during which he would have all the classes together each morning for an hour, in connection with morning prayers in the seminary chapel. He would have a carefully-digested plan of instruction on some important subject for all the mornings of each of his weeks,—*i.e.*, the general theme would extend through the entire week, with a special subordinate theme or topic for each of the six mornings. The students would conduct the devotional service, each in his turn, morning by morning, and then would come this lecture or practical study.

One of these weeks, *e.g.*, was that preceding the Presidential election in 1880. He occupied them with appropriate topics as follows :

Monday—God's Control of the Nations.

Tuesday—Relations of the Gospel to Liberty.

Wednesday—Toleration in Political Opinion.

Thursday—Godliness as a Political Force.

Friday—Education of the Political Conscience.

Saturday—Duty of Prayer for Voters and Rulers.

Can anything be conceived more wise and thorough-

going on the part of an instructor, or more healthfully and comprehensively educating for young men who are soon to be pastors and teachers in republican communities? Can anything be conceived more complete than a system of instruction which embraces such particulars?

The successive mornings of another week are occupied with "Motives in Life" as a general theme. See what wealth of instruction is prepared for the young men when the first morning embraces this,—

Monday—*Power of Motive:*

1. Life must have its motive in order to be *tolerable.*
2. Still more in order to be *significant.*
3. A *ruling* motive gives its character to the life.
4. When ruling motive is *good*, it gives even a common life power.

All this for Monday morning. Then for the other five mornings of that week the various conceivable ruling motives of life, worthy and unworthy, such as "Pleasure," "Wealth," "Personal Power," "Love," and "God's Glory," are compared and discussed throughout the week.

Another week was occupied, morning by morning, with the "*Mystery of Godliness.*" (1 Peter iii. 16.) And the general theme for still another was the "*Precious things of Peter.*"

One of the most interesting of these subjects, and

most suggestive of the comprehensiveness and value of the series, was this,—"*Action of Christianity upon the surfaces of our individual life:*"

1. This action may be from without only, which would produce a hollow character.

2. It *should* be from within outward. Then it is character striking through,—the external is representative of the internal. It is the bloom and fragrance of real fruit rather than paint on the waxen counterfeit.

The importance of this particular series of meditations is very obvious, inasmuch as it would reveal to the students how, as ministers and as men, they will be judged, and will *have* to be judged, by *appearances*. What they appear on the surface will *represent* what they are at heart. Therefore the importance of having all their superficial manners and habits made pure and comely and pleasing by being the outshining and expression of pure principles and good character within,—"Let your light so shine," etc.

Still another week is occupied with "The Ministerial Office," with such topics, from morning to morning, as "The Nature of the Office," "The Dignity of the Office," and so on till Saturday.

Out of this last week's meditations grew the sermon already referred to, with which he made his "ten-strike," and concerning which his friend Wilson says,

"No riper or sweeter discourse have I ever read from any one. It smells like the clean linen which has been laid away in lavender by the old-fashioned people, or impresses one like a sweet song from the heavenly world, about which there is no discord."

This was the last sermon of his life. It is well worthy of notice how it grew out of careful, conscientious study, each several topic being closely considered as itself a subject for a lecture; and, moreover, how it grew out of a keen discernment of the actual needs of his hearers, for it was originally given on "The Ministerial Office" to actual candidates *for* that office.

No wonder his most intimate associate in the faculty, Rev. Dr. Morris, should say of him, after he was gone, "With great care and conscientiousness he took up his particular duties, prosecuting each inquiry diligently, carefully summing up the results of every fresh investigation, increasing steadily both in the amount of his instruction and in his capacity to stimulate and enrich the minds committed to his training."

No wonder the faculty should unite in saying, "In the department of history, he caused his own spirit to give unwonted interest to the facts and philosophy and theology he brought into the class-room.

"In his more general relations with us, his personal

power was a constant charm, while his ready facility and wide and varied knowledge made every exercise in which he took part to be attractive and useful.

"He was an admirable teacher, and a true and cultured and delightful man. We are much indebted to him. We are thankful that he lived and wrought with us so long, and we cherish his memory with a deep and abiding conviction that few men who are eulogized after their death were so worthy of the words that praise them as was he who had won so warm a place in our hearts."

XVII.

IN these chapters we have been tracing Mr. Humphrey's footsteps as those of a public man, preacher and pastor and professor.

Yet he was so void of pretence and mere seeming, what he did was so directly the result of what he was, his public strength was so manifestly rooted in the excellences of his private character, that the consideration of his professional life has been a constant disclosure of his private traits. Indeed, he may be justly said not to have had any professional life. It was so absorbed into his personal life that he really did nothing in a perfunctory or professional way.

In like manner, if we should proceed to notice more

closely some of his personal characteristics, which might seem to pertain only to his private life, we shall not fail to perceive again that they are among the sources of his public strength and usefulness, and thus we shall still be indirectly considering him, and more fully revealing him as a public man.

One of Mr. Humphrey's personal characteristics, known only to those who knew him privately, was a remarkable capacity for affairs, a genius for pragmatics.

Almost any kind of business trust or superintendency could have been confided to his judgment and skill. He had a ready acquaintance with the processes and details of the useful arts and a talent for mechanism, so that he would have quickly learned to manage a farm or a factory, or to perform the duties of an engineer or machinist, or to plan a house, either with reference to the *tout ensemble* of its architecture, or to the arrangement and finishing and furnishing of the rooms, or to the minutest details of practical convenience from cellar to garret.

He had an instinctive skill in the use of tools, so that there was scarcely anything he could not do or make. If there was a hitch in the family sewing-machine, or a hidden screw loose in any of the physical domestic machinery, he knew how to find it and to fix it.

Nothing of a practical or useful nature escaped his observation or eluded his knowledge. He was observant of bodily ailments and their remedies. He could, if need be, select a dress pattern or scarf or shawl for his wife or daughters with as discriminating a judgment as to quality and economy, and as nice an adjustment to their several requirements and tastes as could be done by themselves. He was skilful in the use of the fishing-rod, and could manufacture his own flies, and paddle his own canoe if need be, whether literally or figuratively.

This characteristic was far more useful to him in his public life than would at first be supposed, because there went out from it a thousand invisible threads of sympathy between him and all the various classes of his people, and enabled him to understand them and to make himself understood by them in numberless little touches of instruction and influence, which are especially effective because they are so delicate and penetrating.

He had an excellent telescope, and spent many an evening and night hour in observing the heavenly bodies and showing them to others.

He also made himself the owner of a superior microscope, and became expert in the use of it. In his short rambles southward at Chicago, in the direction of Hyde Park, he was able, without the use of

the latter instrument, to find marshy places, and he would take little vials with him, and in them would bring home concealed worlds of life and beauty, which he would cause his microscope to reveal to himself and others.

And all this, of course, from above and from beneath, was accumulated capital for him with which to understand and illustrate truth concerning Him who is at once the God of nature and of grace. His telescope declared the glory of God, and his microscope revealed Him who numbers the very hairs of our heads.

XVIII.

SOME allusion has been made to Mr. Humphrey's sprightliness and humor. They were exuberant in him, and made his life from boyhood through a bright and sunny life. They made him invariably one of the most genial and agreeable and entertaining of companions.

But his sprightliness and humor, exuberant as they were, never led to anybody's saying or feeling that he was frivolous. The bright bubbles of his fun were not blown from empty tubes, but they floated upon the surface of an habitual thoughtfulness. His jokes were sharp without being cutting, pointed but never with a sting; they were genuine "pleasantries," and

a flavor of benevolence was usually manifest in them. It was always a "*good* humor" that flowed from him.

The quickness of his intellect was constantly revealing itself by the promptness of his witticisms.

At one time, when he visited his nephew's home at Chicago after months of separation, a patent meat-chopper had been introduced into the house which made noise enough for a patent reaper. It happened that, just as Mr. Humphrey had entered the house, almost before the mutual salutations were exchanged, the machine started up in the kitchen, and the noise was startlingly noticeable. "Music, you perceive," said the nephew. "Yes, *Chopin*," was the instant reply.

On a week's trouting expedition on the Beaver Kill, we were riding, a dozen of us, including five or six ministers, toward our wilderness camping-ground in two large open wagons. In the forward wagon, where Mr. Humphrey was, a lively discussion had been in progress for an hour or two as they rode. Some one of us, who were in the rear wagon, became suspicious that a pot of angle-worms, which would be very needful all the week for those not expert in the use of the fly, had been left behind. So we hurried up our horses till we overtook the forward wagon and hailed our comrades in it, and as soon as they stopped, so that they could hear us, we called out,

"Are the worms in your wagon?" Instantly Mr. Humphrey rose from his seat and cried, "We have *debate* here all the way: I am not sure about the worms." However, the worms were found, and the party and debate went on.

A lady, who was a relative of Mr. Humphrey, was greatly annoyed by the stupidities or worse of one of her servants, and the question, asked in Mr. Humphrey's presence, "What shall I do with this *Judy?*" brought the instant reply, "*Punch* her!"

A volume of sparkling fragments of humor might be collected from his racy letters to his familiar friends.

The above-mentioned nephew writes him a humorous account of an experience he had, together with a camping party of gentlemen and ladies; the gentlemen occupying one tent and the ladies another. A storm of rain and wind came upon them at night, and they were obliged to turn into wet beds, and the gusts of wind and rain would not permit them to lie quietly even in them.

Mr. Humphrey says, in reply, "Your letter is justly chargeable with having disturbed the gravity of this household. What a drenching you must have had! What a chance for conundrums in your moist experience! For example, take this, 'Cæsar, which am de wust time for a gentleman to retire? Gib it up?

Well, when he retires in *disgust*.' Or this, 'When is a man most unwilling to be disturbed? Answer, When he is *intent*.' Or this, for No. 3, 'Why ought women to vote? Answer, Because they can manage their own share of a *canvass* in the stormiest times.'"

A friend, who was very fond of the family and much beloved by them all, had sent a box of Christmas gifts, containing a picture of Japanese life and a go-bang board, and including among other things two or three hundred shells or cartridges for Mr. Humphrey's breech-loader. Mr. Humphrey acknowledges the receipt of the gifts in a bright letter, of the contents of which the following are samples:

"We are more deeply in sympathy than ever with the heathen of Japan, if the representative you have sent is clad with the ordinary robes of the country. It is shocking to contemplate the condition of a people who have nothing at all next their skins but such coats as they happen to have on. Civilization in its rudest forms demands at least a flannel undergarment. Zephine has just learned that the earth is round, and her anxiety now is, whenever she wakes or is going to sleep, to know what they are doing in China. We shall now be able to show her *how* they do in Japan, and *what* they do without.

"Bessie is delighted with the go-bang. Lottie is the only one of the daughters who, as to her hair, has

gone bang already. I hope to so confine Bessie's attention to the game you have sent her that she will go bang only on the board. I shall go bang with my gun till the three or four hundred shells are exhausted."

At the golden wedding of the aged father and mother at Pittsfield in 1858, when all the children were assembled, and some informal speeches were made by the sons, the older brothers, Edward and James, were disposed playfully to contrast the substantial plainness and ruggedness of the manner in which *they* had been reared in *their* childhood with the more elegant and indulgent and, as they alleged, effeminate manner in which the younger children had been reared, and the contrast was typified in the fact that the older were rocked in a "bread-trough" cradle, and the younger in a mahogany cradle. When Zephaniah's chance came to reply on behalf of the younger members of the family, he gracefully accepted the situation, with the remark that the "mahogany cradle had a greater durability, as well as a higher polish, than the 'bread-trough cradle.'"

Mr. Humphrey's graceful skill in the way of pleasant and significant contrivances for special occasions was beautifully manifested at this golden wedding.

His gift to the father (nearly eighty years old) was a gold-headed cane with the inscription, "*Hodie*

baculum, cras corona" ("To-day a staff, to-morrow a crown").

His gift to the mother, at the same time, was a brooch or breastpin of hair-work. The body of the brooch was a vine, made of the blended hair of the father and mother, and gracefully tied into a knot with several bows. The ends of the vine were finished with plates of gold, inscribed with the initials of the names of the parents. On this vine were scattered ten grapes, each made of the hair of one of the children, and each grape tipped with gold, on which was engraved the initial of the name of the child.

Kindred to this was a bright and sweet way he had of designating persons and places, as when he called his beautiful study at Cincinnati his "den" with an "E" before it.

At one time, at Chicago, he awakened the keen curiosity of all his children by telling them in the morning that they should have a whole cow for dinner. When they came to the dinner-table, with their expectations as eager as their appetites, the secret was found to be that some pats of butter had been obtained, each of which had the print of a cow on it, and care was taken in the distribution of the butter that each child should have a piece of the cow, till all was divided among them, and whole dollars' worth of

happiness was extracted from the pat by the watchful and benevolent humor of the father.

Thus he was perpetually carrying sunshine with him into his own house, and into every group of friends or acquaintances with whom he met, by means of these pleasantries, paranomasias, little enigmas, which bubbled up as easily from the fountain of his humor as the little laughing jets of water do from the hillside spring. And these were the more gratifying to those about him for the reason that they were never merely frivolous. They generally brought with them some quickening of the intellect and some stimulation of thought, as well as some gratification of the humorous susceptibilities. Seldom was there a day of his life in which some of these genial pleasantries did not flow from him to enliven and cheer the pathway of those who were journeying by his side.

Moreover, these jets of humor were ordinarily accompanied by a peculiarly bright and pleasing twinkle of the eye and relaxation of the lips, which at the same time were indescribably blended with a deeper expression of sweet seriousness and profound good will, showing that it was only on the surface that he was joking, and that he was as ready, if need were, to suffer for you as to smile for you. This background of seriousness did not detract at all from the fun, but enhanced it by the contrast, and enriched it by show-

ing that it sparkled up from a deep and earnest nature. So real was this connection of the serious with the jovial in him, that some persons who have known him for years have the settled feeling that he was a sad man, and that he carried a sad and careworn face. It is difficult to account for such a misinterpretation of a man who was looked upon by those most intimate with him, notwithstanding the sober earnestness of his life, as one of the brightest and sunniest of men, and as wearing an habitually serious indeed, but uniformly happy and cheering face.

In the summer vacations we were repeatedly in the "woods," camping and fishing. In each instance there were young men with us who were previously strangers to Mr. Humphrey,—different young men from different places at the different times. He was always the brightest and wittiest person in the party, and the centre of social attraction, though very quiet about it, and always refined and decorous, and the fact could never be lost sight of that he was a Christian gentleman and a Christian minister, and that amid all his recreative fishing he was, first and last, "*piscator hominum.*" The young men would come home, some of them graduates of colleges and belonging to cultured families, and some of them irreligious young men, would come home and tell their parents that it seemed like the best part of their education to be with

such a man as Mr. Humphrey, that they felt themselves lifted up by it to a higher level of social feeling and moral motive, and to clearer views of what life ought to be.

At one time we had a long discussion, at evening in camp, on the subject of predestination and the practical bearings of that doctrine, leaving the minds of the young men in the state of confusion that is usual after such discussions. But the time of our evening prayers came, and it was Mr. Humphrey's turn to lead in the service. He read a few appropriate verses of Scripture, and explained them and the subject we had been discussing in such a way that all were satisfied, and some of those young men remember the event to this day, with the feeling that if they do get befogged on that class of subjects, they will have no need to surrender the doctrines which they cannot fully understand.

XIX.

ONE of the greatest of the unconscious achievements of Dr. Humphrey's life was this: He demonstrated that, even in the busy and driving West, the highest culture is the mightiest force for moving men in the right direction. The mild might

is strongest, the gentlest strength is the conquering strength.

It is commonly thought to be otherwise. It is claimed that the more rough and abrupt methods are the more effective in the pulpit and in the parish, while the refined and polished methods are feeble and comparatively fruitless.

This impression is assisted by the fact that so many persons come from our colleges and seminaries into our pulpits and parishes with a superficial culture and an affectation of refinement and learning, the shallowness of which is soon discovered, and then the conclusion is adopted that ministers are spoiled for effectiveness by the higher degrees of culture and refinement.

But here comes a man whose delicacy and gentleness are like those of a woman. His culture and refinement are wellnigh supreme. And yet, from first to last, his ministry is characterized by *effectiveness*,—prompt, palpable, permanent, pervading effectiveness. Why? Because his fineness is not a mere polish on the surface, but it is a fineness of substance all the way through, like that of the Damascus blade. As Dr. Johnson says in the funeral address, "Mr. Humphrey was marked by great fineness of structure everywhere: he was a fine spirit in a fine body living a fine life."

It is not a refinement and delicacy of manner merely but of the entire nature, in which no coarseness is, and from which, therefore, no coarseness can come. He has a cultured speech because it is the expression of a cultured SOUL. His sermons are beautifully written, but it is the thought that beautifies the style, not the style that beautifies the thought, just as the skilful cutting of a diamond *reveals* the beauties of the gem, does not make them. If the diamond-cutter attempts to manufacture beauties on the surface of the gem, he is sure to mar what he seeks to mend. It is simply needful that *he have a diamond* and *reveal* it, and *it* will furnish the flashes of splendor. So it was Mr. Humphrey's way to have a thought and reveal as clearly as possible its various phases, and the beauties of his style are the legitimate result. His felicitous illustrations are not for ornamentation but for expression, otherwise they would not be felicitous. The beauty as well as the power are intrinsically in the thought, and only in the style as it expresses the thought, and the expression is, after all, inferior to the thought by as much as language is at best an imperfect instrument of the mind and soul. Speech can only approximate the completeness of thinking and feeling and knowing. And so one of Mr. Humphrey's friends, who had heard him, perhaps, a thousand times, says, "In his preaching the

expression was enough below the strength and completeness of the thought to make the real power an after-effect, rather than the felt power of the moment."

Another of his friends, a finely-educated man of stalwart intellect, who was one of Mr. Humphrey's strongest men and strongest admirers at Chicago, expressed the fear at one time that the charming beauties of Dr. Humphrey's preaching would give the impression of a lack of strength in it. The fear was groundless, or at least, if such an impression were given, it was short-lived, and was sure in due time to correct itself. The strength of his thought, of which the beauties of his style were the bright epiphany, was sure to make itself felt in its time.

So we find that while "beauty of spirit," "loveliness of character," "refined sensibilities," "gentleness," "urbanity," "courtesy," "sweetness," "elegance," etc., are the expressions by which Mr. Humphrey was characterized by persons fresh from his presence or just out from under the sound of his voice, yet after a while, when his preaching and influence had had time to produce their fuller results, "strength," "vigor," "quiet power," "great effectiveness" are the terms used to describe the man and the character of his work.

As Dr. Noyes says, "This quiet, cultured Christian

man, of fine fibre and exquisite taste, so impregnated with his ideas each community in which he lived, West or East, that now, after from five to thirty years, they are *living* ideas, and he is *felt* and loved more, if possible, than when he was an every-day presence."

And when Dr. Corwin, of Racine, who only knew Mr. Humphrey through his ripened reputation in that city and throughout the Northwest, and only saw him in the light of the ultimate judgment of those who had known him for thirty years, when he came to preach about him, in his old church and before his old people, he did not take for his text, "How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings," but his text was, "*A strong man, if wise, is a power indeed.*" And in the course of his sermon he testifies that Mr. Humphrey, more perhaps than any other man, has left the impress of his influence upon the life of that city. And all this at the West, where a person's value is measured so largely by the degree of his force and effectiveness.

Mr. Whittier was right when he said,—

> "The graven flowers that wreath the sword
> Make not the blade less strong."

Dr. Johnson was more profoundly right when he said, not that Mr. Humphrey's sweetness did not detract at all from his strength, but that "Mr. Humph-

rey's sweetness *was* his strength." *We* were right when we said above that the mild might is strongest, the gentle strength is the conquering strength. It is not necessary to be rough and rugged in order to be effective, either at the West or the East; but, in the long run, the highest and finest culture is the strongest force for good in any community,—"the meek shall inherit the earth."

And if, in view of the fit failure that so often comes upon a superficial culture, a mere veneering of refinement, any persons are tempted to assent to the too common notion that the highest mental cultivation and highest religious refinement do not count for much in the way of strong and useful success, let them take notice and remember that Mr. Humphrey's sweet and charming character, and the quiet and abiding effectiveness of his gentle and winning methods in the very focal cities of the West, have answered that cavil.

XX.

HARDLY now can we hesitate as to the ultimate conviction that *the* characterizing thing about Dr. Humphrey is the simple but grand fulness and universality of his development.

It was noticed that when he was in college, already the chosen law of his life seemed to be to cultivate

every excellence and grow in every good direction. According to this law he lived even to the end, as we have seen, and the result was a remarkable fulness and completeness of character and being. It might be called many-sidedness, even as the many-sidedness of a regular polygon, by the law of mathematical infinity, approximates perfect sphericity, and a sphere is but a polygon with an infinite number of sides.

From the fixed centre of the law already referred to, and contained in Phil. iv. 8, and with a liberal diameter of natural and spiritual endowments and aspirations, he worked out to his periphery, and in a remarkable degree rounded his life in every direction. A close observation does, indeed, reveal some enlargement of the equatorial, *i.e.*, the warmer or more affectional zones of his nature, and a corresponding repression of the cooler or strictly intellectual zones. But the intellectual axis of his life was far-reaching and firm, and the fast-rolling tropical belts of his affectional and emotional nature obeyed their centripetal force, and were never carried beyond their legitimate sphere.

There were observable also on the surface of his life ranges of happy elevation, gleaming in the sunlight, when some unusual inspiration or emergency lifted his thought and speech above the common level. But between these, and far more extensive, were the

broad plains of patient and fruitful industry, though these were bordered or crossed sometimes by the shadowy depressions of physical prostration or providential bereavement and trouble. But all these served to vary rather than to destroy the regularity and roundness of his life. There were no dark chasms of morbid discouragement or melancholy. His life was void of excesses and extremes. For so large a life its tenor was remarkably even, without startling achievements on the one hand or failures on the other.

Indeed, as Dr. Patterson says, the chief difficulty in describing him results from the absence of salient points. He was so equally full and complete in every direction that he stood in his own light, like the parts of a great cathedral, one part hiding another, and the vast aggregate belittling the particulars, and thus belittling itself, and producing the impression that it is not a very large thing after all, while any part, measured by itself, is seen to be a part of something great.

He was student, artist, poet, scientist, naturalist, sportsman, mechanic, preacher, pastor, teacher, counsellor, friend, husband, father, citizen, saint; all these, and more, blended in that one unassuming man!

Yes, unassuming he was, never suspecting, apparently, that there was anything of greatness in him, still with sufficient trust in God and confidence in his own capabilities to accept any position to which the

church called him. He seemed to have no *special* adaptation to the professorship of ecclesiastical history, and yet he was phenomenally successful in it, as he would have been in either of the other departments, or in almost any professorship in any of our colleges.

He did not aim at greatness, or think of it apparently, but he aimed to make the most and best of what there was in him and for him. He seemed to fashion himself as Phidias did the marble statues with which he adorned the pediments of the Parthenon. He finished the statues carefully and finely on every side, and being asked why he was so careful with every part of his marbles, when they would be placed so high up on the temple's front that the fine finish could not be seen, and portions of them would be entirely and forever out of sight, he is said to have replied, "The gods will see them on every side, and *they* must be satisfied."

So Mr. Humphrey fashioned himself not to be seen of men, but for the observation of Him who, as the Psalmist says, "is acquainted with all our ways," from whom our "substance" is not hidden, and who "understandeth our thought afar off." He "lived as seeing Him who is invisible."

And as those statues of Phidias, after standing for ages in their high places, were taken down and placed in the museums of Europe, so that millions of men

have walked about them and viewed them on every side and in every light, so as to mark the excellences which were designed only for the eyes of the gods, so we are permitted to contemplate and admire the fulness of beauty and excellence which the grace and goodness of God have enabled one of his servants to combine and embody in a character that was moulded and shaped not for the human but for the divine eye. And as with the statues that are finished with the most delicate and loving touches of the master-artist, so here in this character the more closely we scrutinize it the more we find of unexpected degrees of sweetness and beauty and surprising manifestations of energy and power.

It was a favorite prayer of Dr. Humphrey, so much so that he made it part of a formula which was used every morning in connection with the family worship at his house in Chicago, "*Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my ways, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*"

And if we may reasonably presume that he had much in his heart, if not on his lips, that other prayer of the Psalmist, "*Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it,*" we are sure that both parts of the prayer were largely

answered to him during his lifetime, and that both parts will be more and more fulfilled as he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. And if we could hear him as he sings the "new song" among the choirs of the redeemed, we are sure that not one of the ten thousand times ten thousand voices would be more distinctly saying, "*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.*"

And then, when our raptured thoughts return to consider what he was when he was with us, and why he was so much to us, we get less satisfaction in the analysis of his life and character than in the subsequent synthesis, and thus

> "We most of all remember the divine
> Something that shone in him and made us see
> The archetypal man, and what might be
> The amplitude of nature's first design."

XXI.

IT was in the midst of a seminary term, with his harness on and every thong drawn taut in the quiet joy of vigorous work, that Mr. Humphrey was attacked by a violent cold, which developed into pneumonia, and the lecture-room was exchanged for the couch, and soon the couch for the bed, and it be-

came more and more doubtful, day by day, and thus by degrees certain, that from that bed there would be no return to the couch and the lecture-room.

Mrs. Humphrey could not hide from herself the danger, and messages were sent to those of nearest kin. Alarmed love brought them speedily to his side,—the married daughter, Lottie, from her home in Missouri; the only brother, Edward, from Louisville; the only sister, Sarah, from Brooklyn; two beloved nephews, sons of his brother John, from Chicago and New York, and a very dear "cousin" by affectionate adoption, Mrs. Hamill, from Chicago. These, together with the wife and the two younger daughters, were permitted to watch and weep together for two or three days and nights, and minister as they could to the dear man's body and spirit, as the outward man was perishing and the inward man was being renewed day by day and hour by hour.

In his dying he was, as in his living, humble, patient, sweet-spirited, calm in his hope, happy in his love, strong in his convictions, and energetic in his faith, with no fears and no ecstasies, no wailings because he must die from the earth, and no raptures in view of entering heaven. Such raptures he looked forward to, but their time was not yet.

Some of us remember that the death-bed experiences of Dr. Humphrey's father, and also of his

brother John, were like his own. Their lives had been so saintly that it seemed as though their deaths would surely be ecstatic. But it was not so. Some very exalted and rapturous thoughts of God's holiness and glory they had, but no raptures concerning themselves. This was from no failure or flaw in their Christian hope, but from an absorbing interest in their present relations to divine truth and the divine glory.

Even so was it with our Mr. Humphrey in the last days of his life. He was occupied with a solemn adjustment of himself to this unexpected transition, with an intelligent gathering into his consciousness of the divine truth provided for him in this emergency, with a trustful commitment of his family, his pupils, his work, and his own spirit to the care and grace of God. He was less thoughtful of his own future bliss than that Christ should be honored, and those about him comforted and strengthened by a clear recognition of those vital truths by which he was now sustained. In calm and full conversations with his wife, their divinely-appointed separation for the present was painfully but tranquilly considered, and everything understood, dear memories recalled, and clear arrangements made with reference to things temporal and things eternal.

In the presence of the other friends who sat for

many hours, first and last, about his bed, much of the time was spent in reading and repeating passages of Scripture, sometimes as prompted by their memories, and sometimes as the passages were selected and suggested by himself, as when he asked for the "precious things of Peter," and his eye would brighten and his pale countenance beam as he listened and recognized the "precious faith," and the "precious *trial* of faith," and the "precious promises," and the "precious blood," and, comprehending all, the precious Christ himself, "to you that believe *He* is precious."

In such communings with the heavenly world were they all engaged on that Sabbath evening, November 13, 1881, when he ceased to breathe, and the daughter, stepping to her mother, who sat with closed eyes and had not witnessed the expiring breath, and putting her arm around her neck, calmly said, "Now, dear mother, you have nothing more in this world to dread." So it is: the greater and dearer the treasure the greater the loss when it is taken away; the past seems all gone and void. But no! How filled it is with blessed and majestic memories! These cannot be taken from us. Nothing now can mar the more than golden worth of these treasures of memory.

The language of our mourning and remonstrating hearts is,—

"Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Thou who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!"

But the answer of our faith is, "Very little hadst thou to do with Death, or Death with thee." "*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*" "*In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,*" is the transition made, and "*mortality is swallowed up of life.*" "*O Death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!*"

"O Death! how sweet the thought
That this world's strife is ended,
That all we feared and all we sought
In one deep sleep are blended.

"O Death! how dear the hope
That through the thickest shade,
Beyond the steep and senseless slope,
Our treasured store is laid.

"The loved, the mourned, the honored dead
That lonely path have trod,
And that same path we too must tread
To be with them and God.

"O Life! thou too art sweet;
Thou breathest the fragrant breath
Of those whom even the hope to meet
Can cheer the gate of death.

"Life is the scene their presence lighted;
Its every hour and place
Is with dear thought of them united,
Irradiate with their grace.

"There lie the duties, small and great,
Which we from them inherit;
There spring the aims that lead us straight
To their celestial spirit.

"All glorious things, or seen or heard,
For love or justice done,
The helpful deeds, the ennobling word,
By this poor life are won.

"O Life and Death, like Day and Night,
Your guardian task combine;
Pillar of darkness and of light,
Lead through earth's gloom till bright
Heaven's dawn shall shine!"

SERMONS.

I.

THE CENTRALITY OF THE CROSS.

"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him."—EPHESIANS I. 10.

THIS passage is generally understood as declarative of the purpose of God to make heaven and earth tributary to Christ. Some suppose it to refer only to the redemptive work of the Saviour, as gathering about himself all who may be drawn to Him on earth and introduced by Him into heaven. Some, dissatisfied with this narrow view, suppose it to refer to the general reign of Christ to be established over all earthly and heavenly intelligences, angels and men, so that Christ shall be the centre of one vast kingdom, all of whose honors and glories are gathered in Him. Others, taking a yet broader view, interpret the passage as indicating that to the Cross all *things*, as well as all beings, are to be tributary; that the crucifixion is, in the eternal purpose of God, to be the central event of time; the Cross is to be the rallying-point of the world, the focal centre towards which all the interests of heaven and earth are to

converge. This is certainly the grander and, on that account, the more probable view. It is worthy of notice as sustaining it that in specifying what will centre in Christ the neuter is used, *all things*, as if the most comprehensive statement were designed. The idea presented is that of God arranging all His purposes in the far-distant past, so as to bring the utmost honor to Christ; giving all events a Cross-ward direction; controlling all human energies, so that they shall add to the triumphs of the Cross, while above it are to gather the rejoicing hosts of heaven, "Saying, with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honor and glory and blessing!'"

This idea is unquestionably sanctioned by other portions of the Scriptures. We shall therefore adopt this meaning, and seek to unfold it in presenting for your contemplation *The Centrality of the Cross.*

We will therefore show, first, how the Cross is central to *human history.*

This were not difficult were we to confine our observation to the earlier historical records. The Old Testament is manifestly the introduction to the New. The line of events is direct from the murder of Abel to the crucifixion of Christ. The Old dispensation prefigured the New. Its whole ritual declared that without the shedding of blood there is no remission

of sin. Judaism was Christianity in the bud. The Cross and the nails were in the heart of the passion-flower before it had opened. Hence it seems not unnatural to speak of the Cross as central to the history of the Jewish nation. But when we look at uninspired history we find but few pages of it given to the "feeble folk," whose empire at the best spread over the narrow limits of Palestine. Even the sacred records speak of streams as far back as the dispersion from the foot of Babel diverging from the Jewish current, some of them soon gaining a greater breadth and volume than the original, and none of them appearing to flow towards the Cross. So that while the Jews have room enough in Palestine, there are vast heathen empires in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, while millions obey the Incas in America, or worship the sun about the teocallis in Mexico.

On a closer inspection, however, we see that the history of many of these heathen empires is closely related to the Cross. A Romish historian, tracing the fortunes and recording the battles of his proud generals, might have smiled were Paul to have assured him that all these contests had a reference to the death of a poor Nazarene, who a few years before had been crucified for sedition in a remote and insignificant province. Yet it was by the spread of the Romish Empire that the world was made ready for the feet of those who were commanded to go teach

all nations. And so far as the history of the subjugated realms formed a part of that of Rome, so far it had reference to the Cross of Christ. It may be that the lines of history *appear* to bear away from the Cross in most of the earlier ages; but when we follow them patiently they are found at length to converge, sometimes by the most unexpected turns. The more careful our investigation the more clearly shall we see how *all* history is related to the same event. With my present light I may not see what the construction of the Pyramids had to do with it, yet I know that at their bases the sinews of the Jewish nation were hardened. I may not know what place the history of the mound-builders of our own continent, a mysterious and forgotten race, had in the history of Redemption; but I can well believe that it has such a place. We know that already all history has run into this one stream; therefore the junction of this tributary must be somewhere in the unexplored regions. The history of the world to-day has become that of Christianity. Christian nations control the globe; Christian light touches every shore. The Christian student understands some of the darkest pages of history when he sees how Clive, washing the soil of India with blood, or the slave-trader cursing the shores of Africa with his barracoons, prepares the way for the gospel. That the

Cross may be central to human history it is not necessary that every war should be a crusade, or that Christ should be the recognized hero of every historian. It is only essential that we should be able to find in all human events some preparation for or some triumph of the gospel.

By this point, thus imperfectly developed, is suggested a

Second. That the Cross is central to all that is valuable in human progress. Science and art have, in general, labored more diligently in the service of Satan than in that of Christ; but by as much as their labors have aided in the civilization of the globe, by as much as they have furnished facilities for the spread of the gospel, by so much have they been made tributary to the Cross. When Tubal Cain began to work in iron he was beginning that long series of experiments by which we have at last the railway, covering with its network the continents, and the steamship, ploughing and reploughing the wave. When Jubal first contrived the simple reed, he was insensibly heralding the majestic organ, by whose assistance we lift the sacred strains of Old Coronation. The rude altar of Abel was the type of the cathedral. The shepherd's distaff was the precursor of the looms, whose flying shuttles afford king's clothing to the poor. The bow of the warrior was a herald of the

ponderous engines by which liberty is vindicated, and behind which the world marches on towards the millennial day, when sin will no more require the chastisement of force, and when God shall cease to make the wrath of man to praise Him.

It is easy to see how every real advance in science and art may be made to minister to the glory of the kingdom of Christ in the earth. The diffusion of intelligence, the increased facilities for education, the accessories of social refinement, and even the progress of physical comfort and the relief of physical labor may add glory to that kingdom. Whatever improves us as men should improve us as Christians, and will when the power of sin is broken. Therefore, confining ourselves strictly to the thought that Christ's kingdom is spiritual, we can see how science and art shall contribute to it when every printing-press and railway and telegraph is subjugated to the cause of truth, when music stimulates no longer the unholy passions, and when the pencil borrows its ideas, if not its colors, from heaven.

But some anticipate a physical millennium as confidently as they do a spiritual one. They believe that both are to dawn at once, and that one is to embrace the glory of the other; that, in the march of science, disease is to be conquered by the application of remedies, while the tendency to it is to be lessened by

purity of life; that labor is to be lightened by laying its burdens on muscles of steel, while the call for labor is diminished by the diminution of sin; that the enjoyments of both sense and soul are to be largely increased by new inventions and discoveries, while the suffering which comes from the reactions of sinful pleasure is to disappear as the sinful indulgence ceases. There is room for such a belief. Indeed, we can hardly avoid cherishing it. But if this be true, then every present advance in science and art is a preparation for the millennium, and so centres in the Cross. It does not conflict with this view that many, the most of these advances, are directly in the interest of sin. They will still remain as the heritages of the world when sin has been driven out. When the inventions of an enemy are captured, they may be used against the enemy as they were once used by him, and though Satan *were* to suggest every invention, as tradition says he suggested the art of printing, the invention would in the end be turned against him, and then made to enhance the glory of the conquering Christ.

Having thus touched upon some of the more outward signs of God's purpose to make all things centre in the Cross, we shall not fail to discover traces of the same purpose when we examine the *principles* by which both His action and ours are to be regulated.

Let us examine the *principles* by which God's action respecting man is shaped. So doing we shall see—

Thirdly. How the Cross is central to God's scheme for the government of mankind.

In one of the suggestive books of the times attention has been called to two great classes of facts in the government of God which stand in seeming controversy. On the one hand we observe arrangements made with the most scrupulous care for the preservation of order. All the forces of nature are balanced and controlled so as to work with evenness and regularity. The seasons come and go, rain follows sunshine and sunshine rain, so that the earth is neither parched into a desert nor drowned by a deluge; changes occur, but they are mostly like the revolution of a wheel, points of which vanish only to reappear. Decay goes on, but life springs out of decay. No particles of matter are wasted: they seem to vanish in flame, but fire only distributes them; they seem to be destroyed in food, but they are found in the blood, and when, after performing their vital office, they are exhaled through the skin, they reappear again in some new form of life. The mind works by law as well as the body. Everywhere are nice adjustments, which show that "order is heaven's first law."

On the other hand we see everywhere marks of disorder. Tempests and earthquakes break the repose of nature; pestilence shakes its deadly wings over healthful countries; floods waste the fields, and frost cuts off the harvests; man, too, grows lawless; wars rage; terrors affright the peaceful; hatred overpowers good will; passion burns both the breast in which it rages and the victim on whom it blazes.

On the one hand we notice abundant tokens of the most lavish kindness on the part of God, as if, with all the fondness of a parent, He would pour the whole wealth of His love upon us; yet, on the other, we cannot but feel the severity of some of His exactions. Now, in observing one class of facts, He seems all tenderness, and stoops over us with a smile and a caress; but, when turning to another, He appears suddenly to have assumed a frown and to have snatched up a scourge. On the one side we see indications that He would have us free as air,—He gives absolute liberty to the will, to the thoughts, to the limbs; yet on the other, our movements are often interfered with, we are checked and hindered. We enter a clear path, when, lo! suddenly a wall. I act, another counteracts. I sin, and the penalty comes, as if from some invisible being who has been ever watching me.

Again, there is that in the soul of man which draws it towards God. There are aspirations after

goodness, longings for communion with the Infinite, impulses to worship; yet there is a something which keeps the soul back from God. On your birthday you feel ashamed of much in your past life, and solemnly resolve that you will hereafter avoid the follies and make up for the deficiencies of the past; but on exposure to temptation you find yourself almost as weak as ever. On some quiet Sabbath, when the still air and the sacred associations of the day combine to turn your thoughts away from the noisy world towards God, your heart goes out in longing for a heavenly fellowship. Your impulse is to cast yourself upon your knees before God, all unaccustomed as you are to prayer; but when you come to the act of prostration the impulse dies away, and the haughty knee remains unbent. It is not strange that thinking men should have been puzzled by these phenomena, and it could never become clear to the unassisted mind how these conflicting facts are to be reconciled. It would seem as though God must always continue to hold man in this suspense between good and evil; as if the world could never be so reconciled to God that He could lay aside His severity and take His creatures lovingly to His heart. But a glance at the Cross relieves us. Here the whole difficulty disappears. The Cross stands, if I may so express it, at the zone of calms. The conflicting

currents meet over it and blend, as the winds rushing from either pole meet near the equator and expire. It is by means of the Cross that God becomes morally able to overcome the disorder with which sin has interrupted the order of His government, to lavish His kindness without stint upon those who have passed beyond the need of discipline, to introduce mankind into a heavenly sphere where he can have freedom without penalties and restraints, and to overpower the feeling in the soul of man which holds him back from God and makes him hate the being whom he wishes to love.

It should be noticed, too; that in the midst of all this apparent contrariety in the government of God there is a constant reference to the Cross. The restraints He lays upon evil, and the acts by which He overrules it, are in part designed to further the great object for which the atonement was made. Good is the constant result of what may seem to us unpleasant and evil. Having ordained the Cross as the central point in His government, God's object is to gather all around it. Therefore it is that He frowns as well as smiles, and cripples us in the very moment of giving us freedom, and chastens us with trial in the days of prosperity. Were there no Saviour it might be more difficult for you to comprehend why you should be subjected to the fire by a loving God; but when you

have been led through the fire to the Saviour, and looking back see that there was no other approach for you, you understand it, and you thank God that His providences respecting you have been such as to bring you to a neglected Christ.

Going a little further in our study of principles we discover,—

Fourthly. That the Cross is central to the scriptural circle of doctrinal truth.

It may be admitted that some points in this circle may be studied long and thoughtfully without reference to the Cross. The attributes of God, *e.g.*, may be contemplated as revealed in other works than that of redemption. His natural attributes—wisdom, power, omnipresence, unchangeableness, eternity—have ample illustrations in that which may be daily observed. There is enough in a bit of chalk, or a drop of vinegar, or in a little dust brushed from the wing of a butterfly to convince us of more than one of these. Had Christ never appeared we might yet have arrived at a belief in all of them, together, perhaps, with what are called His moral attributes, such as love, justice, mercy. Yet they all centre upon Christ, for in their exercise perpetual reference is had to Him, even when they are called forth in laying the foundations of the world, or in decorating that globe which was made for *Him*. Then, too, the noblest illustrations of those

attributes are furnished by the Cross. What but an infinite wisdom could have ever devised the plan of redemption? What else can ever secure its execution? To make a world is to order mechanical forces; to renew a soul is to control a will whose freedom must not be disturbed while it is wholly subdued. To set a planet in its orbit is a matter of simple adjustment; to bring a soul into allegiance is to calculate what man would call uncertain forces. It is to lay the most complicated plans, the threads of which are to run through all the ages, and to be made firm and strong where all seems fortuitous. You can calculate a transit of Venus centuries before the time; you cannot calculate upon the will of a man to-morrow. What wisdom is necessary to arrange for the crucifixion by guilty yet instrumental hands, and then to secure the prevalence of truth where it will be hated and despised! What *power* is necessary to effect all this! Power is made more evident in delicate operations than in ponderous blows. The shock of an avalanche is not to me so significant a symbol of power as the crystallization of one of the snow-flakes which has helped to form the avalanche, when it fell white and still, like a many-rayed blossom from the trees bearing twelve manner of fruits. So is the renewal of a soul a greater evidence of power than any natural symbol of it. The withholding of the

Father's face in the hour of crucifixion, when we should have supposed it were impossible to veil it, was more impressive than the clouding of the sun or the opening of the graves.

The *omnipresence* of God is demonstrated by the work of redemption, for without a constant presence in all parts of the world such a work could never be completed,—there are no zones for the operations of the Spirit.

So of the *immutability* of God. Do you not see how inflexible He is to His purposes when He will not interfere to take the cup from the reluctant lips in Gethsemane? Who *is* changeless if not He, who, though the heavens fall, will not permit one jot or tittle of His law to fail?

So, too, the *eternity* of God is illustrated by the Cross, as we see how far His purposes concerning it reach every way.

But if the natural attributes of God centre in the Cross, much more do His moral attributes. The heavens may be grand, and the earth full of wonders; we may find God everywhere, whether we ascend or descend; but nowhere shall we find Him so just yet so loving, so great yet so condescending, as at the Cross. A thoughtful man could find rest in the idea that Providence in its works is infinitely minute as well as awfully vast. "I think," says he, "the dis-

coveries of the telescope would have been dreadful but for the microscope. God's throne has risen above the earth inconceivably high, but another way the divine condescension is to be seen reaching unexpectedly and infinitely low. In a field, or on the side of a brook, when I see a forget-me-not, I think, 'He has not forgotten even thee!'" We may find a richer illustration of the more beautiful attributes of God, and feel a yet more comforting assurance that God has not forgotten even us, when we look upon an expiring Saviour.

Turning now to what are called distinctively gospel doctrines, we find them all grouped about that of the atonement, fixed in it as by radii running to one centre. *Regeneration* is but the accomplishment of a change which could not be possible without the atonement. *Sanctification*, which but for that could never have been begun, could never have been carried out but for a Christ in whom the believer lives, by union with whom he bears his fruit. *Eternal life* could have been offered to none but for the shedding of the blood of the Lamb. The decree of *election* was indissolubly associated with the decree by which the safety of the elect was provided for. The *perseverance of saints* would never have been talked of had there been no saints to persevere. Paul would never have preached the *resurrection* had not Christ

become the first fruits of them that sleep. *Repentance* and *faith* both have a direct reference to the work of Christ and are promoted by it. Without an atonement the idea of *justification* would never have occurred to the apostle to the Gentiles, who, indeed, never would have been an apostle. *Adoption* into the family of the redeemed never could have been anticipated had there been no elder brother to redeem us, and to teach us *now* to gather about the Throne and say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." *Depravity* is a solemn fact which at first appears to stand by itself; true notwithstanding the Cross, yet it was to counteract it that the Cross was planted. *Prayer*, *love*, *obedience* are duties irrespective of Christ, yet it is through Him that prayer is made effective, and that love and obedience become easy. The Cross, as it were, gathers all truth about itself. If one ignorant of the atonement should ask you to explain it, you could not shut out of view any doctrine,—to explain the keystone you must describe the arch; you must talk of the planets in talking of the sun.

The full meaning of the text is not yet exhausted. It is therein declared that it was God's purpose to gather in one all things, "both which are in *heaven* and which are in *earth*." We are therefore to notice,—

Fifthly. That the Cross is central to the united in-

terests of heaven and earth. The idea is that heaven and earth have a certain relationship, the interests of one being in a manner identical with those of the other, and it is by the Cross that those interests are cemented. In the first chapter of Colossians the apostle speaks of God as "having made peace through the blood of the Cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself,—by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven,"—that is, to bring earth and heaven into harmony, and to perfect His purposes concerning them.

In this whole discourse it has indirectly appeared that the interests and the hopes of this world are centred in the Cross. For these many thousand years the world has risen on the scale of progress just in proportion as it has honored God and His dear Son. For these many thousand years every swing of the pendulum or every drop of the clepsydra, every movement of the shadow on the dial, has marked the flight of a soul which were lost but for Christ. But for the Cross there were no substantial relief for an accusing conscience or a burdened heart; but for that life were a curse and death an unmitigated terror. But now we come to the thought that it was important for the *angels* that Christ should die. Heaven and earth, saints and angels were never meant to be kept apart. Similar in feeling, dwelling upon the

same subjects of thought, possessed of the same purity and holiness, worshipping the same God, there are yet differences between them which must conduce in a high degree to the pleasure and benefits of their mutual companionship. The one class has experienced sin, the other only beheld its ravages. The one class has reached heaven by a rough and sorrowful road, the other has always dwelt in light and joy. Angels are spirits disembodied; saints have had physical experiences, and will have sensations corresponding to these in their spiritual bodies. Angels may teach the saints; saints may teach the angels. Both may gain, while together, new views of God, and see new cause to glory in the Saviour. This is enough to suggest that heaven without saints were not complete, and to show how it was that God gathered all things in heaven, as well as on earth, into one, even Christ. It is enough to show that there was something more than sympathy with the lost, and adoration of the love which was expending itself to restore them, expressed in the angelic song which burst from the skies with the light of Bethlehem's star. Something more than this enters into their rejoicing over each sinner who repenteth. Gladly would the angels have ministered to Christ in any circumstances, and would have deemed themselves honored by the privilege; but they, as well as the world, were to be benefitted

by His mission. He died *for* them in part, if not to *save* them. Fondly would they hover about our pathway, out of mere pity, were they to see us no more after death should snatch us from their guardianship; but they are ministering to their own interests while ministering to the heirs of salvation.

The theme is tempting enough to excuse a further delay, but we will linger upon it now only to suggest a few of the thoughts it inspires, the first of which is, How grand a theme for study is presented in the Cross of Christ! It has ever been a favorite subject of contemplation by the mystic and the enthusiast, and by the calmest lover of Jesus as well. But we have seen that the intellect, as well as the heart, may be exercised to the utmost upon it. Around it sweep the ages, and he who would understand the course of history, of science, and of art must sit at the feet of Jesus. God's government is explained by it, and therefore the jurist who would possess himself of the principles of human law must read by its light. Time and eternity are joined by it. The Cross may be seen through the dreamy systems of the Asiatic, but it furnishes the iron for Paul's reasoning, and for that of some of the greatest thinkers of all times. Spiritual discernment is more than a vivid conception of Christ, and a beautiful vision of heaven. It is also a clear view of principles and of their relations to

Christ. It is one of the wonders of the Cross that it meets the demands of every cast of mind and of every stage of discipline. To one whose range of thought in connection with the Cross is narrow it may seem strange that so much can be said of it, and so well said, without repetition or weariness, even when it is kept distinctly in view. There have been preachers, of whose instructions the people never tired, who made Christ the visible centre of every sermon. If we may judge by his letters, Rutherford was one of these. The name of Christ is on every page, and as you turn over leaf after leaf, your wonder increases that he should find so much that seems fresh to say. The "holy Herbert" could find more than one meaning in the simple *name* of Jesus: every letter had its value,—

> "Jesu is in my heart; His sacred name
> Is deeply carved there. But the other week
> A great affliction broke the little frame
> Even all to pieces, which I went to seek,
> And first I found the corner where was I,
> After where ES, and next where U was graved.
> When I had got these parcels, instantly
> I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
> That to my *broken* heart he was I EASE YOU,
> And to my *whole* is *Jesu*."

What, then, must be the Cross when we sweep the

whole range of its topics, reaching indefinitely over the deeper experiences of the heart and over the vaster problems of the reason?

But we are already on the verge of a *second* thought, which is that our subject affords a reason why the Cross has always been such an object of veneration since Christ has rescued it from shame. We can almost excuse the relic-worshipper, though we pity him, when he regards with the profoundest veneration a bit of wood which he believes to have constituted a part of the "accursed tree." We honor the Crusader who blazoned this emblem on his shield, and the architect who gave this form to the sanctuary. Even to us, who employ no symbols, the sight of the Cross is affecting. Of all sacred mountains there is none which we would so long to see as Calvary. Carmel has its interest, and we would climb its rocky side with eagerness that we might stand where the prophet bowed himself toward the sea and waited for rain after he had called down the rain. Pisgah and Horeb we should love to visit. Sinai, once shrouded by vapors girding about the *Jehovah*, and trembling at the sound of His voice, the mount on which Moses kneeled to receive the law, we should explore it with enthusiasm. But on Calvary our hearts would burn and our eyes grow dim. Here is the great altar of the world; here bled the Lamb,

here were borne *our* sins, here were carried our sorrows. The death of Christ has made you, my brother, more of a man than you could have been without it. My sister, it has secured for you the most priceless consolations. To all of us it has brought our best gifts, and made possible our richest attainments. No wonder that around the word Calvary gather the holiest associations, no wonder that to those who reject all symbols as superstitious there is yet the sweetest sound in that word, the *Cross*.

We see also, and finally, the glory of a life devoted to Christ. If in Him all things centre, it is an honor to be counted His willing tributaries. Whatever we do for Christ, however humble our sphere, is something done toward the grandest of all objects of exertion,—it is something done for eternity. The greater part of the aspirations with which men enter the period of active life are destined to be unrealized. Wealth, power, pleasure will not, in general, be acquired in that abundance which hope promises. Pleasure gained will often prove a flower shedding its petals as it is plucked from the stalk. Ambition's crown, when gained, will often lacerate the brow it adorns. Men may safely glory in the Cross, and feel sure that their lives are not wasted in shedding glory upon it.

Nay, it is to their own eternal disadvantage if they

will not both glory in and seek to honor it. We must consent to be used in some way for the final exaltation of our Saviour against our wills if we do not consent to a free and glad allegiance; for Christ shall be unwillingly honored even by those who reject Him, and they having served their purpose in the overruling providence of God, shall be flung aside to perish. How much better to take the humblest place in His train, and, identifying ourselves with Christ on earth, be identified with Him in glory.

II.

CHRIST THE SON OF MAN.

"Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren."—HEBREWS ii. 17.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—GALATIANS iii. 28.

THESE passages have a profounder significance than one might at first perceive. They reveal, indeed, the fact that Christ was thoroughly human,—He must have been that if made in all points like unto His brethren,—but they also reveal the fact that Christ's humanity was of a more perfect type than that possessed by any of us; that it was so broad, so deep, so full that He is not so much a *specimen* of humanity as the *embodiment* of humanity. He is made in all points not like *one* of his brethren, but like *each* of them. He, in whom we are all one, is neither a perfect Jew, nor a perfect Greek. Jew and Greek, bond and free, male and female, all have such a unity in Him that He is everything to each. In short, He is not merely a perfect man,—that is, a being with a human soul and with all the faculties of a man,—

but also He has in Himself all the elements of a pure human character in their perfection. He is not *a* man, but *the* man in whom all human excellences and peculiarities are combined,—not one-sided as we are, not many-sided, but *all*-sided.

To explain this more fully, let me fix your thought for a moment on what is commonly understood as *individuality*. We are all alike in many particulars, yet each of us is cast in a mould which is in some respects peculiar. The elements of our characters are in some respects peculiarly combined. Some traits are stronger in one and weaker in another. Our individuality comes from the combination of qualities which go to make us what we are. Our strongest traits are generally styled our characteristics. When we say that a man is intensely individual, we commonly mean that some of his traits are unusually developed; and it is these traits to which we especially refer in describing him.

A and B, for example, are alike in this,—each is a man possessed of mind, heart, will, and every one of the long catalogue of distinctively human qualities; yet they are very unlike. A is a poet of delicate organization and of fiery impulses. B is a mechanic of cool and inventive genius. They move in entirely different planes, live almost totally different lives. Such is their individuality. Now it is conceivable

that a man might be formed and so organized as to constitute a link between these two, having the prominent qualities of each so well developed in himself that, being both poet and artisan, he might form a fit companion for either. And so it is conceivable that a human being might be so constituted as to have in himself all that distinguishes three, four, a hundred individuals. If God should have reason for creating a human being in whom should be combined all that distinguishes every man from his neighbor, there is no difficulty in supposing that He might produce so wonderful a creation. That would be departing from His usual rule, but it would be as easy to Omnipotence as the creation of one-sided souls. He creates us as we are for wise and loving reasons. He does it because by such diversities the great ends of our combination in a race are thereby best secured. A is a better poet because he is *only* that; his nature has fitted him only for the realm of feeling and of imagination. He could not be prince there if, by other tastes, he were constantly drawn out of that realm. B is a better mechanic because he sees only a water-power in Niagara, and a silken scarf in a rainbow. The world has in both a good poet and a good mechanic, whereas were each brought to the same intellectual and physical level it would probably have two equally good in verse and in mechanics, and in

neither distinguished. God creates us unlike that the race, as a whole, may be most efficient. But if, for once, and for wise reasons, He were to so vary His plan as to produce a perfect man,—that is, one in whom all that is possible in humanity should be brought to perfection,—we should have one fitted for every sphere and equally good in all. Whatever he might attempt he might be always successful and always grand,—grand even among bales and boxes, even among looms and spindles.

Such a man, as to his humanity, we suppose Christ to have been. We know that He had all the feeling of the artist: He shows it in the grouping of His parables, and in the bits of color which attracted His eye and adorned His words. He had all the feelings of the poet: His utterances are sometimes almost rhythmical, as if they fell of themselves into unconscious verse; and all the power of the orator: the common people heard Him gladly,—never man spake like this man; and all the wisdom of the statesman: His course toward the civil government was surpassingly prudent; and had all the sagacity of the merchant: His illustrations from commercial exchanges show how well He understood them. He was neither of these, but He might have been either.

Having in view the ideas just expressed respecting individuality, this might seem to destroy the individ-

uality of Christ, since an absolute perfection is inconsistent with an excessive development of a marked characteristic. On the contrary, the individuality of Christ is the more marked *because* of His perfection. He is *the* singular man of all the race and all the ages. His character stands out alone, as a perfect and polished sphere contrasts with the imperfect and half-polished blocks which surround it. We have really two forms of individuality, one of which is far superior to the other. Some of the most perfect works of architecture consist of an almost endless combination of materials and forms. Many kinds of stone are used in the building. The quarries of Aberdeen furnish the columns of the door-ways. The marbles of Tennessee, of Vermont, of Carrara support the arches within. Here is one tint in the façade, here another. Here is one form of capital, here a second, here a third. Here is one kind of wood, and not far away another. Here are bolts of iron, here are leaves of gold. There are tessellated squares in the pavement, and the light which falls upon them is colored by the pictured windows through which it streams. Now, if we resolve each of these substances into its elementary particles we find them alike. They are differently combined so as to produce individuality in all the varied parts, yet all together they go to form one grand whole. The building is

more complete than any of its parts, and is more individual because combining all the inferior individualities of its material. Somewhat thus it is with our perfect Saviour, in whom all the materials of His church, "fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord."

Having regarded this perfection of Christ's humanity as a fact, we may now regard it as a necessity. "Wherefore in all things it *behooved* Him to be made like unto His brethren." Why? The record goes on to say, "That He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people; for, in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."

You see the point. The apostle does not here *state* that for the discharge of His official duties Christ must have all mental qualities in their fullest development, but he certainly implies it; for it is difficult to understand how He could make reconciliation for the sins of everybody except as He is fitted to stand in place of everybody. His death is accepted by the Father in place of that of all who believe on Him. His atonement is as satisfactory for the sins of A, the poet, whose errors grow out of his sensibilities, as for the sins of B, the mechanic, whose errors grow out of his differing habits and associations. It is im-

possible to see how He is able to succor all who are tempted except as He is fitted to appreciate their temptations by some likeness to each in His all inclusive nature. If Christ has not the *mental* characteristics of all, He cannot as a man comprehend their *moral* states, for the moral states are closely allied to the mental. But if He *has* them, is He fitted to be our High Priest indeed. If He has them, *whoever* sins may feel, when he comes with penitence to God, that his case will be fully understood by Him, that He will urge the suit as if it were His own, and that when the atonement is plead, the Father will consider that it was *personal* and ample for the suppliant, whatever the peculiar sins which have come from his peculiar organization. No one struggling with his besetting sins need fear that he will not have just the sympathy and just the help he needs from this all-sided Christ, who can exactly understand him, because created in all points like unto himself. Jesus, the perfect, is one friend in whom all the imperfect may find their help, their hope, their rest. The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free are all satisfied from Him in whom they are all one.

Having this completeness of human nature, Christ becomes to us the best example of all that is strongest and gentlest. Looking at Him we see that a character at once vigorous and graceful is not impossible.

We learn to glory in our strength, and not to be ashamed of our sensibilities. The life of Christ is worthy to be studied by one who aspires to be a hero, or by one who would know how to be beloved. The personal offices of Christ are for all. As a friend, He could be chief among ten thousand to Luther, the great reformer; and to Madame Guyon, who, like Mary, sat at Jesus' feet. There is enough in Him, though He wielded no sword, to stir a warrior's blood. There is that in Him which so draws out the timid maiden's heart, that she will whisper to Him what is too sacred for any other ear.

So, then, this blessed and comforting truth is established,—that each of us may have a personal Saviour; to speak with reverence, a *Christ of his own;* one who shall be to each just as perfect, just as satisfying as if created for him alone. No man nor woman may need to appropriate *all* there is in Christ, but every one can appropriate what is wanted. One may want a grand and noble Christ. Resorting to Him, he will find all the grand and noble qualities he seeks. Another may require a gentle and loving Christ. Resorting to Him, the qualities which the former did not specially perceive, because he did not look for them, come out warm and glowing. Were each to describe the Christ he has found, the portraiture would be so different that, looking on the delineation of both, you

would say, These are two Christs. No! They are partial sketches of the same Christ. Each has the same Christ, yet each has a Christ of his own.

In this connection I have thought it providential that there is no authentic likeness of Christ in existence. It is strange that there should be none, strange that one who was so prominent and so much revered should never have been painted or outlined in some way by pencil or chisel. St. Luke is said to have been a painter. Strange that not even an authorized description of his personal appearance should be given us. So completely uninformed are we in this particular, that it is disputed whether He was fair as the rose of Sharon, or, like a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness. There is an old intaglio cut on a seal-ring which has been claimed as a likeness, but proved a forgery. The face on Veronica's handkerchief is but the fancy of a legend. The description attributed to a letter of Publius Lentulus is without credit. How unfortunate! No; it is better that we have no such temptation to picture-worship as an authentic likeness of Christ would furnish. It is *far* better that we should have no such fixed form to disturb the ideal which each of us is now at liberty to form for himself. If, when you have found your Christ, you choose to associate Him with form and feature, you may invest your ideal

of Him with such form and feature as befit Him. If you cherish some dear conception of what He is in your soul, no one can now bid you correct it. No one can overlay the picture which satisfies you with another, which, if reasonably true, might not so satisfy you. Let another cherish a different ideal, if he will. It may be better for him than mine, but let him not take mine from me. The truth is, no artist *could* have ever painted Christ, and I am thankful that it was so ordered that no artist ever tried.

Christ is to me what I need, and as my circumstances change or my spiritual wants increase, I still find in Him an exhaustless Christ. In the earlier days of my experience, while life is unclouded and young, I am charmed by the conversation of my Christ at the marriage feast or by the well of Samaria. Then, by and by, when I am in Genessaret, in night and storm, I discover that my Christ can walk on the waves and call to the tempest-tossed, "It is I, be not afraid!" I find my Christ at the fireside, blessing my children; and then, after a time, at the tomb, weeping in sympathy with my grief. I go out to the hill-sides, and there my Christ instructs me from meadow and from pasture, from harvest-field and from vineyard; and when, some dismal night, I go into Gethsemane to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," I find my Christ kneeling

there, and He teaches me to say, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

It is no wonder that to the Apostle Paul Christ was the centre and the inspiration of his spiritual life. No wonder that to him Christ was the embodiment of all that is distinguishing in Christianity, the sum of all that can satisfy the heart of man. He probably saw more in Christ than any of us have ever found; his experiences were more varied and profound than ours. But it is instructive to notice that he was ever finding something new in Him. He discovered one quality only to see that there was another behind it. From the day when Christ appeared to him in majesty before Damascus, with blinding flash and rebuking voice, to the day when He came to him in Jerusalem to cheer him, when enemies sought his life, He was a perpetual learner of the fulness of Christ's nature. So intimate, at last, did the relations of Christ become to him, that at times the apostle was entirely lost in the Saviour. He was crucified with Christ; he lived, and yet it was not he that lived, but Christ that lived in him. Yet, so conscious was he that there was more in Christ than he had ever found, that, while urging others to know His love, he confessed that that love passeth knowledge. You will say at once that, in this respect, St. Paul is no example for us; that he was inspired, that he was personally chosen

as an apostle, and so brought into the most intimate spiritual fellowship with Christ; Christ revealed Himself to him as He never will reveal Himself to us. But if that be so, does it not prove all that I have said as to the boundless perfections of Christ? If Christ was more than enough to His inspired apostle, may He not be more than enough to you and to me? Does not the apostle labor to show that what Christ was to him, He may be relatively to all? The truth is we are contented with far less spiritual fellowship with Christ than He desires that we should enjoy.

Perhaps our views of Him are wrong. If we regard Him as merely a man of exceptional purity and perfection, He may shine on us like a distant star, hanging bright and warm in the horizon of history, but He will never be personally ours. If we regard Him as divine in such a sense that His human nature, penetrated by His divinity, becomes a different human nature from yours, you will not go to Him as you may. Here is the danger with most of us. We believe that Christ is at once God and man; but when we think of Him as man, He appears infinitely above us *as such.* We can scarcely realize that it is possible for Him to appreciate and to enter into sympathy with our duller humanity, or that, if He could, it would be worthy of Him to stoop so low. We may go to Him in reverential prayer. We might touch

His robes, if He were to admit us to audience. We are not so presumptuous as to look for Him in our homes, or to expect that He will walk with us through the dusty streets. But why should we forget what He Himself has declared? "I stand at the *door* and *knock*," "I will come in and sup with him," "I will abide with him." "Lo, I am with you alway."

Let us learn to regard Him as, by virtue of His large humanity and His loving heart, our best and most constant friend. Then we shall be glad that our glorious guest and associate is also divine. Our lives will be elevated and ennobled by His companionship, made purer and more happy by His presence and love.

Let those who are as yet unattracted to Christ, because seeing in Him only an official Saviour and final judge, behold in Him *the* one altogether lovely.

Let those who defer coming to Him as something to be desired, yet for nameless reasons dreaded, see that they are daily losing that which is noblest in character, best in friendship, of most worth in all the anxieties and joys of life.

Let those who think they are excusable for neglecting Him, as if He did not care for them, hear now His footsteps and His signal, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"

III.

"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME!"

"Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on His breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth Thee? Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"—JOHN xxi. 20, 21, 22.

LET us recall the connections of this somewhat remarkable passage. Its place in the gospel history is near the close of Christ's earthly ministry. The scene of the story into which it is framed is the shore of Tiberias. The time is the early morning. A fire, burnt low, smokes and smoulders on the sand. Two boats are drawn up on the beach, both laden with miraculously-provided spoils of the sea. Seven fishermen, disciples of Jesus, are gathered about their Lord, each face marked by an expression of unusual interest. Their leader, Peter, has been subjected to a kind of trial, and has received what some would call a sentence. The trial turned upon the question, "Lovest thou Me?" It was pressed in triple form of examination. Peter was his own witness. "Not

guilty" was his plea. "Thou knowest that I love Thee" was his sufficient appeal. The judge was satisfied; but, after putting the disciple upon practical proof, He proceeded to announce the disciple's approaching martyrdom. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hand, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." Then turning, as if to go, He gives him the final charge, "Follow thou Me!"

This trial was not judicial, nor was the prediction of martyrdom of the nature of punishment,—"This spake He, signifying by what death he should *glorify* God." Peter understood it, but both trial and prophecy were calculated to stir him up from the depths of his impulsive nature. He is ready. For himself, at that moment, he shrinks from nothing; but as he moves away, in obedience to his Lord, his ear catches the footsteps of John. He turns, and in an instant his mind flies from his own fate to that of his companion, and, impulsive as ever, he cries, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" or, leaving out the *Italics*, which are the explanatory words of our translators, "What this man?" The purport of the question is, "What shall happen to him?" Very natural is the question. Peter and John, though as different almost as sun-

shine is from storm, were greatly attached to each other, as persons of contrary natures often are. John was at this moment following, as if to show his sympathy, and it was not strange that Peter should wish to know how his friend should fare. Characteristic as is the question, not less characteristic is the Master's reply, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"

We have three points deserving of special study: (1) an impulse of curiosity; (2) an enigmatical reply; and (3) a practical command.

Curiosity is one of the strongest instincts of our nature. I call it an instinct, for it is a craving as truly as hunger. It is the longing for knowledge, and is particularly excited by that which seems mysterious. We are often content to remain in ignorance until our ignorance is challenged. Our attention is called to the fact that something supposed to be worth knowing is concealed, then we become impatient to learn. The world is full of secrets, and our progress in knowledge is due, in great measure, to the natural desire to get behind the veils which are presumed to conceal something of interest. As the child is curious to know the secret of his rattle, and breaks it to ascertain, so the man is curious to know the secret of eye and ear and touch and taste, and falls to anatomical investigation. The man may have

a higher object than the child, but would have interest enough to keep him busy in his investigations were he simply desirous to *know* that which challenges his curiosity. Some of the acutest minds of the day are busy in hunting for the secret of life. Its discovery was announced long ago when the functions of the heart were explained. Doubt was thrown upon the discovery when the question arose, What vitalizes the heart? An answer was found in the nervous system. The secret was supposed to be hunted down in the brain or the ganglia, until some one asked, What gives the brain its activity? Then the whole system was taken to pieces, and vital forces looked for in fluids and molecules. Here is the secret, says one,—the brain is a battery. Here it is, says another,—these particles have movement. Then curiosity was roused again by the question, Where do the supplies of the battery come from? What is the secret of life in the molecules? The same insatiable desire to *know* urges on the mind in all branches of inquiry, and is most useful in adding to those stores of knowledge, already so vast, and in disposing of those vast stores of error which have yearly to be swept out of the world.

That man's curiosity should be exercised over the mysteries of religion is therefore to be expected. He is as restless before the veils of revelation as he is

before those of nature. The Bible presents God to the mind as a spirit. Curiosity at once inquires into His attributes and His modes of being. The Bible declares that He is infinite; but curiosity goes out with its measuring line upon the infinite until it is bewildered. The Bible speaks of God's purposes, and curiosity prompts to the inquiry, What are they? How were they formed? What are the laws of their execution? The Bible declares certain facts as to sin and its remedy. Curiosity demands the philosophy of those facts. The process is ever the same: strip off the husk to get at the kernel; break the kernel to reveal the germ; dissect the germ to separate its particles; interrogate the particles as to their origin and vitality.

Doubtless the results of inquiry into the mysteries of God's being, His revelation and His providences, have been to a certain degree useful. The greatness of God has been rendered more conspicuous by human attempts to comprehend Him. The wide reach of His justice, the bottomless depths of His mercy, the grandeur of His authority, and the safe enfolding of His fatherhood have all become more certain facts to us in consequence of our study. So His precepts have been traced to the principles which underlie them. We have had glorious glimpses of rhythmic laws in contemplating His providences. We

have been led to many a high and holy experience whilst hovering about the darker places of His word, and listening to the voices or receiving the quickening forces which come out of the shadows impenetrable. Theology is more of a science than astronomy, and the Christian life is almost as carefully analyzed as the life of the body.

But whilst we thus admit that curiosity has its office both in nature and religion, we must call attention to its necessary limitations. The curiosity of Peter respecting the fate of his companion was both baffled and rebuked by the enigmatical reply of the Master, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" There are some things which it is not for man to know. Nature talks to us in riddles, as Christ answered Peter. Revelation has its riddles in both Testaments. Jehovah's self-assumed title is, "*I am.*" His definition of self is, "*I am that I am.*" Christ often puzzled both enemy and friend by His sayings. He even declared that the purpose of some of His parables was that whilst to His disciples it might be given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, others "seeing might *not* understand." Some things relating to the being of God cannot be comprehended, however clearly they may be stated. We cannot even comprehend the nature and the working of our own souls. We know that we are able to perform

distinct mental operations, and we give our mental faculties names, as memory, fancy, reason; but we know little more of them than their manner of working. Take memory, *e.g.* Past events, past scenes are reproduced to the mental vision; we *see* them though no picture is on the retina. Strains of music go sounding through the soul though the ear is undisturbed. The face of a lost friend, the tones of his voice, the light of his smile are all vivid, scarcely fading as the years go by. What is the secret of this wonderful power? But memory is a comparatively simple faculty. If we cannot comprehend this, how can we comprehend the varied processes of reason, balancing, testing, linking thought? But if we cannot understand ourselves, how can we hope to comprehend a memory which never forgets and a reason which never loses a link,—a memory which is omniscience, a reason which is intuition? So as to the operations of Providence. Here is an intricate machine. You study it for hours without fully understanding all its parts or movements; yet that machine was set up in the mind of the inventor before the least of its parts was made. You do not comprehend how that can be; but every insect is a more wonderful machine. That and every particular of all the multitudinous parts of creation were in the mind of God before chaos began to resolve itself into order. More

wonderful still, all the events of history which should take place in the movements of creation, and in the action of the unfettered will of man, were clear to God before Adam appeared in Paradise. Can you understand it? If not, you can at least understand why the utterances of revelation should sometimes be obscure, diverting and rebuking the curiosity which would be baffled in the end, however long and minute the search to which it might prompt.

It is no objection to say that if God speaks to us in riddles He may be misunderstood. Christ was misunderstood in the case presented by our text. In consequence of His saying, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" the report went out among the disciples that John would never die. And so strong was this conviction that, after his decease, tradition said that his tomb was often seen to tremble, moved by the wavings of the breath of the buried but still living apostle. God can afford to be misunderstood as to that which it is not for us to know. He has taken infinite pains to be understood as to that which it is important for us to know. His law is as clear as were the characters in which it was engraved on the tables of stone. His promises shine like the stars. His statements of the way of salvation through Christ are so plain that he who runs may read. His encouragements to faith and zeal and love are as

simple as the words of a father to his child. If God is misunderstood as to what puzzles us in His being, His providences, or His word, it is because curiosity busies itself with the puzzle when our duty is to let it alone,—"What is that to thee?"

Here then is our practical duty,—to let alone what is not meant for us to know, and to follow Jesus. To do either may require both resolution and discipline. It is one of the singular marks of human pride that just at the point where the deepest mystery is inevitable the demand is loudest for clear vision. The mysteries of revelation and of Providence are rejected by many minds as if they were blots. Nothing can be accepted in the words or the dealings of God except as made comprehensible to the understanding. The statement is made with great confidence. God would never require us to believe what we cannot understand, or to submit to what is unexplained. And what is the result? As to the word of God it is this,—the critical axe is taken into the beautiful forest of revelation. As God has given the forest to us, it is full of life and vigor. Some shadows there are in it,—shadow is inseparable from sunlight. The shadows add to the beauty of this forest and heighten its brighter tones. There are whispers in the foliage which we do not perfectly interpret; but there would be no whispers were it not for the living stems and leaves. By the

critical axe every trunk is tested, girdled; many a trunk is overthrown. The work is done. Now revelation is declared satisfactory; all is clear to the vision. You can see every inch of the ground, every curve of the branches; all is definite; but all is *dead.*

As to the providences of God, the result is this,—history, as God has woven it in perfect fabric, is pulled in pieces. Nothing is accepted as providential which is not bright and fair. The silver threads and gold threads are left in the warp; the dark threads of calamity and the crimson ones of war and the purple ones of sorrow, unexplained, are all drawn out; what man is responsible for and what God, are carefully separated, and when the fabric is submitted for our approval, lo! its figures are all gone. Great spaces are left, where, to be sure, the light shines through. The fabric is utterly spoiled, and all candid minds are ready to say, If that is God's weaving, it is time to roll up the web and cut it from the loom.

As to the individual indulging such foolish pride, the result is that he has no sooner accomplished his work than he hastens to lay his pride in the dust by declaring his belief in numberless facts of nature which he cannot at all understand, and in admitting that calamity and war and personal sorrow have in countless instances forwarded the interests of mankind and proved of inestimable benefit to the soul.

It is perhaps harder for the most of us to refrain from the indulgence of unwarranted curiosity in personal matters than in those which pertain to abstract thought or principle. We may not be troubled at all to accept the mystery of the Trinity, or of the incarnation, or of the life which is hid in God with Christ, when we are sorely agitated by that which affects our happiness as individuals subject to the inscrutable dealings of our Heavenly Father. In this we come into sympathy with Peter, who believed that Christ was divine, and that in His death and resurrection are life, but who could not refrain from asking what seemed an almost trivial question respecting his companion, "What shall this man do?" It is very easy to ask why, if one accepts all that the Bible says in general, it should be difficult to apply its statements to what concerns us as individuals; why, if we believe that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, we should vex ourselves with the inquiry whether a particular sin of our own can be pardoned; why, if we believe that not a sparrow falls without our Father, we should wonder whether He notices our distress; why, if we use for the benefit of others the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love Him," we should not rely upon it for ourselves. We have no reply to make to such a question, but under our silence the fact of our doubt and anxiety remains.

The lips are mute, but the heart throbs fevered and restless. We turn from the Scriptures to work away at the problem of bread for our families, or of relief from our business perplexities, or of sustaining existence in the absence of the love whose demonstrations death has quenched, and of hopes which death has extinguished. Sometimes we get into such distress over these problems, especially such features of them as cannot be affected by any action of our own, that we could have no better answer to our prayers for light than this, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!" God has His part to perform in our affairs; we have our own. We perform our part when, in following Christ, we make use of our faculties as He has directed. In the exercise of faith we are to leave God's part to Him, not asking, "*Is* He going to do it? *How* is He going to do it?"—What is that to thee?

Every man has his individual life to lead. In following Christ he is to make his own footprints, and they will be characteristic of him if he follows naturally and without hesitation, long or short, deep or shallow, firm or light, as God has made him. We shall escape a great deal of trouble in this world if we are intent only on this, and we shall get, perhaps, many things which we did not count upon. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Of all unprofitable exchanges that of "borrowing trouble" is one of the most. One would think it enough to have an ordinary amount of such capital. The common impulse is to diminish it as fast as possible. Throw it away, scatter it, lock it up, bury it out of sight if you cannot otherwise dispose of it. That is the general advice. And it is curious enough that those who do borrow trouble are as anxious to get rid of as they are ready to get it. They take it often at a heavy interest, and then are desirous to dispose of it on any terms. Discipline is indeed a good thing, and God makes use of troubles we could not avoid, or which we especially deserve, to promote our good. To borrow trouble is a work of supererogation. It is like the hermit's borrowing sackcloth and scourge when neither will be of any benefit to him. It is like putting pebbles in your shoes when the way is rough enough of itself. If your heart ever prompts you to such a transaction meet it with the Saviour's rebuke, "What is that to thee?"

Our text likewise contains a rebuke for those who are inclined to measure their individual experiences or obligations by those of others. Peter very likely had a lurking desire in his heart to know how the fate of John would compare with his own. He was to perish by violence; would John die in his bed? Perhaps, if Christ had told him, he would have sighed a little at

the contrast. If our lives are individual our experiences must be peculiar. God has this for you in following Christ, and that for me. Why should we look at each other and say, "It is strange that there should be such a difference?" We can scarcely find it in our hearts to reprove a young man who has been informed that an incurable malady is on him if he thinks of some companion who has been with him in all his boyhood's sports and studies, and who with cheek yet ruddy is pressing on to the achievement of life's ambitions, and wonders why the blight has not come on *him?* It is so natural that any of us might do the same, but he would be happier if he could wrest his thoughts away from that subject with the exclamation, "What is that to me?" Peter went sooner than John to glory, and with the crown of the martyr on his brow. So as to all the experiences of joy or sorrow. The constant temptation is to turn from self to another. "Does he know the touch of this thrill or this pang? Is he exempt from what I suffer? Has he any skeleton in his closet? What are his prospects as compared with mine? Is he successful where I fail? And Christ meets that temptation when it threatens to disturb the disciple's peace with "What is that to thee? Follow *thou* Me!" We should be content, even with our peculiarities of religious experience, though we have not the

steadiness of John on the one hand, or the blazing impulse of Peter on the other, if in our own way, and in accordance with the key to what God has sent us, we do our duty in following Jesus.

The obligations, too, of another are not to be made a test of our own. "What shall this man do?" does not so concern us that we are to allow ourselves to neglect a duty because he neglects it. Perhaps it is *not* his duty in the same sense that it is yours. Even were it more his duty than your own, his neglect is no excuse for yours. "Follow *thou* Me!" is the Saviour's command, though in great crowds the world drifts away in other paths than those of the Lord. It may be something to us, as charged with the duty of arousing others to comprehend and meet their obligations, that they are recreant thereto. It may be something to us, as commissioned to win souls to Christ, yea, to pluck them as brands from the burning, that so many are indifferent to Him, enemies of His Cross. It is nothing to us as excusing our halting footsteps in our Christian career. The command is as particular as it is universal, "Follow Me!"

It may be very natural for those who have never begun to follow Jesus to notice the feebleness or the straying of those who, having begun, do not seem to keep very close to Jesus, their leader. There are too many cases for such observation. But, oh, thou

whose duty is thine own, and not another's, "What is that to thee?" Though but one of a thousand were close to the footsteps of our Lord, "What is that to thee?" I hear the call of the Master; I see His glance resting on thee. At this moment thou art singled out from all the world, and the call unmistakably is, "*Follow thou Me!*"

IV.

PAUL AND EPAPHRODITUS.

"For indeed he was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow."—PHILIPPIANS II. 27.

THE writer of this passage, as you will see on turning to it, was Paul. The person to whom he alludes as having been "sick nigh unto death" was Epaphroditus, whom Paul describes as his "brother and companion in labor and fellow-soldier," a messenger of the Philippian Church to the apostle, and he that ministered to the apostle's wants.

In the light of this Scripture, Paul and Epaphroditus stand out to view somewhat as a mountain and one of its foot-hills,—both of similar formation and alike, except that one is superior to the other, the lesser seeming an attendant upon the greater. I invite you to a few moments' study of the two in their relations. We will get as near to them as we can. You would scarcely notice Epaphroditus without coming close to him. The apostle is so grand in himself, and occupies so much space in New Testament history, that you may survey him from a

distance, as you look upon Mount Washington from the northward, twenty miles away, scarcely noticing the foot-hill at its base. Epaphroditus is so little observed by casual readers of the New Testament that many of them would say their attention has never been attracted to him at all.

But I have another reason for bringing you close to these characters of sacred history. Paul is himself often regarded by people, looking at him from the distance, as stern and solid, like some vast pile of rock. His greatness is conceded, but they do not love him much. To their view he is solemn, majestic, severe, often cloud-capped by the mysteries in which he deals, not unfrequently gathering thunder-storms in his clefts. When you get close to a mountain you are perhaps more than ever awed by its sublimity, but you learn that it is not all sternness. It is mantled here and there with verdure, every twig and leaf instinct with a warm and springing life. You find the softest mosses in the secluded spots, and see the harebells ringing their silent music from the roughest edges of the cliffs. You see the most refreshing streams breaking out from the most secret places and at the most unexpected moments. So Paul was not the less a *man* because he was an apostle; nor was he without the tenderest human sympathies because he was the inspired revealer of some of the grandest

truths of Christianity. God made it his duty to set forth the divine sovereignty in such a way as to exalt the great King of the universe, and human sinfulness in such a way as to humiliate the best of men; but we do him great injustice if, when we have read what he has to say on these points, we forget what else he has to say, and associate him in our thoughts only with what may seem, as we look at it, gloomy and forbidding. Come close to him; see how full his heart is of thoughts of beauty and of the springs of love, and you will confess that you had not understood him whilst you looked at him without wishing to draw near. Listen to the text if you would see how with all his lofty conceptions he was capable of just such feeling and just such words as you might be when full of grateful love at the restoration of a friend whom you would not lose. "God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow."

This, then, is our first lesson from this beautiful and intensely human passage,—*the consistency of tenderness with power—of human love with Christian heroism.* Paul, the apostle, seems capable of anything within the limits of human endurance. He had a loftier than human boldness and courage. It was immaterial to him in the discharge of duty whether he faced the mob at Ephesus or the king on his throne. He was

equally calm and strong in the dungeon at Philippi and in the day and night of storm on the deep; yet at times he betrays the utmost sensitiveness of feeling. He could stand up against the malice of his enemies as if a corselet of triple steel were over his breast; but he could not bear even to be misunderstood by his friends. He talks of perils as if it were unmanly to shrink from them, and speaks of tears as if he knew what they were and was not ashamed to shed them. He says at one moment, "I told you before, and foretell you as if I were present the second time, that if I come again I will not spare;" but at another, in the same letter, "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ;" "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." The touching preface to the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, of which so many have complained as if it made God worse than an iron fate, is, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh." This whole epistle, indeed, is as full of human tenderness and sympathy as it is of truth, which, however unpalatable, is of the last importance to the soul. Epaphro-

ditus was like the apostle in his spirit of heroic self-sacrifice. The sickness from which God delivered him was brought on by his Christian devotion; "because," says Paul, "for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life to supply your lack of service towards me." Yet he too was so tender in his love for those who had sent him to Paul, that he could not be satisfied without going back to them and assuring them by his presence that he was himself again; and Paul sent him, as he says, "the more carefully that, when ye see him again, ye may rejoice and I may be the less sorrowful."

No doubt grace had much to do with this development of mingled tenderness and power in the two disciples of the Lord. As a matter of temperament, we often find such qualities of character dissociated. The old Greeks married Vulcan and Venus, as if it were impossible to unite what are called manly and womanly qualities except as they are brought together in distinct personalities. Generally speaking, we do not expect a man of strong nature to show the more delicate sensibilities, or one of great natural refinement to display much boldness, or strike as Vulcan did when he had the thunderbolts of Jove on his anvil. But Christianity favors the development of these qualities in the same individual. They certainly co-existed in that faultless embodiment of

Christian virtues, our blessed Lord, and we are encouraged to expect to find them, in various degrees, in the character of the disciple. Tenderness is not less godlike than is power. Consecration with faith in it tends to make a man bold and strong in that aggressive work to accomplish which he requires heroism; but consecration with love in it tends to make a man sympathetic and kindly in all his relations to his fellows, valuing and responding to human affection, as well as to that which has little of the human in it. If Christianity does not make of you a better earthly friend, it fails as truly as it does if it does not make of you a more vigorous servant of God. Christianity was meant for this life as much as for the next life. I may say, indeed, that we are not fitted for the next life except as we are what will render us happiest and most useful in earthly relations; for we are to carry human natures and human memories over into eternity. I cannot but think that society in heaven corresponds to society on earth, except so far as sin is here and only holiness there. No sympathy is called for in heaven over human woe, because such woe is sin's shadow; but I cannot believe that in heaven there are no human fellowships,—can you? I cannot believe that in the heavenly city there are no pleasant recognitions as the multitudes move to and fro,—can you? I cannot believe that in

heaven there are no quiet, nay, no rapturous communings of hearts still human though there sinless,—can you? I do not wonder that a mother who had lost her child in infancy, and was told that because the child was never baptized it could not get to heaven, replied, "Then I do not wish to go there: I want my child." She spoke out of a mother's heart, and as God had made her to speak. Human longings, human loves, when not sinful, are eternal. Indulge them in the spirit of Christianity now, and you shall be best fitted to indulge them hereafter. Earth and heaven are like island and mainland. Crossing the intervening sea does not destroy our identity. Time is a circle drawn on the face of eternity. Getting out of the circle is not getting out of ourselves. Paul and Epaphroditus, I doubt not, are all the more dear to each other in heaven because of their earthly relations; they are all the more beloved because on earth they grew together in tenderness and power.

A *second* lesson, derived from what we know of their earthly relations, is the consistency of *submission to affliction and a desire to escape it.* One would almost think, to read some passages of Paul's writings, that he supposed a man ought never to resist his trials, that he ought not to try to keep himself out of the way of trouble. He speaks so frequently of the benefits of sorrow, he hangs up before us such

a mighty balance, in one scale of which are the dusky grains of trial, in the other the shining mass, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; he says so emphatically, "we glory in tribulations," that one would suppose he never cared to escape from trouble, but courted it rather. Yet here we find him apparently just as anxious to avoid it as any one not having such views of trial might be. He thanks God as fervently for restoring Epaphroditus as if his loss would only have been an unmitigated calamity. "God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." Epaphroditus, too, rejoiced in his own restoration as truly as if, had he died in his illness, he would not have departed to be forever with the Lord. Were they inconsistent in this? Not at all. To avoid trial, to escape from trouble, to pray against it is human instinct, and that instinct was given us by God; that instinct is equivalent to a law of God, in obedience to which it is duty to guard ourselves from affliction in every possible way. Submission to trials which we cannot avoid is, if I may so express it, a secondary law, a kind of law of limitation. God sees that it is best for us sometimes to suffer, and in view of that requires us to be submissive to what we cannot help. Take an analogy out of your own household. You teach your children to avoid all kinds of danger, to

keep out of harm's way, both physically and morally. You blame them if they unnecessarily involve themselves in difficulty; yet you sometimes put them into difficulty for their good. You afflict them by withholding what they desire, or by taking away what they have set their hearts on; you discipline them by task or by stroke, and you expect them to be submissive under such training. You never dream of inconsistency in these methods, nor should you dream of it over these contrasted yet harmonizing laws of God.

The truth is we are just as responsible for suffering more than we need to as we are for murmuring when we suffer what we cannot avoid. Paul's cheering words for the sorrowful are intended for use when sorrow must be borne. The very tribulations in which he gloried he would not have assumed of himself. He had no right to glory in what it was not plainly the will of God for him to bear. We are not to go about the world looking for crosses, although the cross may be the price of the crown. Get through this life with as little sorrow as you can; study to make it cheerful and happy. Turn round with the globe from night to night, but keeping your back to the shadows and your face to the sun. Not selfishly, not sinfully, for if you are selfishly bent on ease and happiness you will be untrue to God and man, and

you will thereby only prepare for yourself a suffering which will come by and by. Thank God when He delivers you from troubles you have feared, and you will be most likely to thank Him when He does not see fit to deliver you. Escape what trouble you can, and you will most clearly see the hand of God in that which must be borne.

Herein also we have a rule for the regulation of our sympathy with others in view of their troubles. So far as these troubles are real and unavoidable, we should look on them with pity and attempt to alleviate them by every consolation. So far as they are imaginary or unnecessary, they do not call for sympathy so much as for the cheerful word or the ready hand which may banish them altogether. In one sense everything which occurs is in the providence of God; but in another sense a distinction is to be made between what Providence ordains and what man brings to pass. If a person heedlessly squanders what God has given him, and so comes to want; if he ruins his constitution by self-indulgence, and so becomes a hopeless invalid; if he culpably neglects to send for a physician when a member of his family is sick, and so is whelmed in a grief he might have forestalled, we may pity him, but our sympathy will be somewhat different in its quality from that we feel for those who, seeking to obey God's laws of preser-

vation, have yet learned that His will is superior to that law.

Is not he a better friend who teaches a neighbor, whose flocks the wolves have invaded, to mend the gaps which have been carelessly left in the sheepfold than he who tries to comfort him without alluding to the gaps? I do not know that Epaphroditus did not need a little wholesome chiding for his overwork. Very likely he thought he was doing only what was necessary when he regarded not his own life in his devotion to the apostle. If so we can forgive his unconscious transgression and admire his self-sacrifice; but we would not quote his example in sustaining those in disregard of the laws of health and life, who have no such reason for the transgression. There is many a man and woman in this land, and in the stimulating atmosphere of American society, whose busy hand I would stay if possible from what seems to me the digging of an early grave, the weaving of a premature shroud.

Yet, accepting the self-sacrifice of Epaphroditus for what it was doubtless meant to be, we come to another lesson in our Scripture, *an unselfish devotion as a means of love.*

It is beautiful to see what a network of affection was woven between the hearts of Paul and Epaphroditus. They were not ordinary friends. Their love

for each other had stronger fibres in it than those of admiration or esteem or of personal affinity. It was a self-forgetting, self-sacrificing love. When Paul came in to the bedside of his sick brother and companion in labor, he thought how that feeble hand had lost its strength in ministering to him; how that helpless figure was wasted by activities in behalf of the church which were too impatient of rest. One day, perhaps, the attendants said he was dying. Then we may imagine how the heart of the apostle went out in prayer that he whom he so greatly loved might be spared. And when the pulse came again, fuller, softer, slower, we may imagine the thanksgivings which welled out in mingled words and tears. Human friendships like this are *sacred*, for the words *sacred* and *sacrifice* come from the same root. Two persons sometimes love each other with a passion which is like a fever. They wonder if such love ever burned before; yet after the passion is cooled they wonder if they ever really loved each other at all. For the highest kind of love self-devotion is necessary; for the very highest that self-devotion must be religious. The affections may be sanctified by grace as well as the will, and when thus sanctified they are not only purer but also stronger. Then love is doubly sacred,—it is devoted and it is holy. The love of Epaphroditus for the Philippians, as well as for Paul, was of this

sort. He went as their messenger to the apostle. He went to represent them, to do their work. He knew that they loved him for this, and whatever he did in their behalf increased his love for them; for self-devotion makes us love those whom we serve, whilst it increases their love for us. This is the secret of the homesickness for Philippi which set in as his physical illness was subdued. He longed after his friends and was full of heaviness. How thoroughly human this whole story, and how pleasant to see the readiness with which Paul sent him home as soon as he could travel, that his heart and theirs might be gratified. We can fancy some cold critic objecting to this, declaring that such weakness was unworthy of a consecrated man; that if Epaphroditus was of such value to Paul before this illness, he would be of just as much service afterward; that he ought to have remained at Rome and stifled his homesickness by hard work for Christ. I am glad Paul did not think so. Religion seems more than ever, when I read this passage, a thing for common life, taking man as he is. I cannot believe that Epaphroditus was less useful or less self-sacrificing during the remainder of his days for going back to the Philippians; nor, though Paul never saw his face again, can I believe that he loved him less, or ceased to remember how he ministered to him in his bonds.

What a greeting the returning messenger must have anticipated as he sailed on his homeward voyage! Arriving at the port of Neapolis, he took his way up the steep path which crosses the mountain behind which the dear city lay. At the summit of the pass he pauses to look upon the town below. How much more beautiful its walls, how much more smiling the surrounding plain, how much pleasanter to him the sweep of the environing hills because of the contrast they present to the Roman prison he has left behind, and because of the high devotion which has sanctified his protracted absence. What a greeting he must have received as, entering the city, friends and kinsmen gathered round him with demonstrations of affection such as he can never have who gives up nothing for love! That first prayer-meeting of the disciples at which he told his story must have been worth attending. As he looked on beaming face and tearful eye, as he heard the prayers and thanksgivings offered in view of his restoration and return, as, when the meeting ended, he found himself the personal subject of every form of oriental salutation and welcome, he must have felt that he had not paid too much for what so few are privileged to have.

So few! But that, after all, is because so few are willing to make such sacrifices for love. Every one can have in substance what he enjoyed, if not pre-

cisely in form. His mission was peculiar, but none of us need be at a loss for *a* mission the results of which will be love received and love returned. What we do in the spirit of self-devotion need not be conspicuous. Possibly some of those Philippian Christians, who saw what honors of the heart were lavished upon Epaphroditus, half envied him and wished that they could have had some great opportunity to be identified as he was with the revered apostle and with the work of Christ, without reflecting that if they would be as devoted to the friends about them and to the church in which they lived they would get a like reward. What is the work of Christ if it be not making the person next you happy, as well as by helping some great man in bonds? What *is* it if it be not surrendering time, money, self for the good of souls close by, and for the strengthening of the church where God in His providence has put you? If you wish to love and be loved with a sacred affection, go out of yourself *right here:* you shall not be disappointed.

For myself, I feel like drawing a mark in my Bible against this paragraph, as one of those precious passages to which one loves again and again to turn. It is not one of the grandest or of the most stirring, but it gives a nameless charm to religion as a thing for everyday duty and everyday wear. It teaches

me to be tender as well as strong, to keep out of trouble as well as bear it, to pay the price of love if I would have its sweeter joys. It brings me closer than ever to those by whom God has surrounded me here, whom it is as much my privilege to love as it is my duty to serve; whom I shall love all the more the more I do for them, and who because of my devotion will have an affection for me which is something more than a sentiment. It makes heaven's glory seem so much like common daylight that no one need be afraid of it, superior as it is in purity and in radiance.

Take in the spirit of this passage, my hearers, and you will be content to live, content to die. Living or dying you shall not want for love. Living, you shall be cheerful, though not without trial; dying, you shall be happy in the conviction that *some* at least will not forget you, and will want to see you again.

V.

UNDERTONES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

"And they understood not the saying which He spake unto them." —LUKE II. 50.

NO wonder! For this was a strange child who was found at the age of twelve "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." The doctors thought Him a strange boy, for they were "astonished at His understanding and His answers," and the most surprising thing He said was the last, when Mary and Joseph reproved Him for lingering behind after their caravan had started for home,—"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This boy had a spiritual insight which puzzled the doctors, and a consciousness of His mission which even those who knew His supernatural origin could not comprehend. This consciousness was enough of itself to set off the then youthful Christ as different from any child whom it would be possible to find in Judea. The same consciousness was doubtless retained through all the period of His growth in Nazareth, and was

never for a moment obscured during the period of His public ministry. It was one of those undertones of His life which so often arrest our attention, and which give so much significance to His whole history.

It is to the study of these undertones that I invite your present attention.

The upper tones of Christ's life are those which first attract notice, like the *air* in a piece of music,—His works, His words, His travels from place to place, all that ordinarily constitutes a biography. The undertones are more obscure and more profound, yet form the base on which the upper tones play, and which harmonize and give the upper tones their chief significance. In studying these we study the nature and the character of Christ. We cannot hope to understand them fully, but we may at least obtain impressions of them which will enable us to appreciate in some degree what Christ was, and what He may be to us.

I. We may begin with what, for want of a better word, I may term the *natural* undertones; that is, those which belonged to Him as a man, and which may be at once detected, even if we do not think of Him as the Son of God.

One of them is His deep sympathy with the natural world,—this world of form and color, of sky

and water, of hills and valleys, of cornfields and pastures. He was evidently a great lover of nature; His discourses were embroidered with figures drawn from this source. His going into the mountains to pray, His preaching on a hillside, or from a boat moored to the shore, indicated His sympathy with Nature. His selection of Gethsemane with its sombre shades as the scene of His agony of soul showed the same instinctive feeling. The spirit within appears to have been attuned as never before to the world without.

Next we notice His sympathy with human life in its moods and phases, the lighter as well as the graver. He was a man of sorrows, but also of joys. Even the passing gleams of human happiness were reflected from His soul. He stopped when walking through the market-place, the children at play, and smiled, we may presume, as He heard the brighter ones say to the duller, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." He was pleased when He heard the children catch up and re-echo the hosannas of the mature in the temple. He was always tender to the little ones. He went to the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, as if to sanction human joys, at the outset of His ministry. He went deeper into the complications of human life when He discoursed with the woman of Samaria at the well; still deeper

when, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, He set the hollow courtesy of the host in contrast with the sincere love of the sinful woman who washed His feet with her tears; deeper yet when he unmasked the trickery of His enemies, and at the same time declared forgiveness to one whom they dragged to Him as worthy of death by stoning. Not a chord could be struck in the whole range of human experiences to which He was not sensitive. It required a large, a perfect nature to be capable of this; but we must not overlook the fact that it was characteristic of Christ, if we would form a true conception of Him.

Next, and closely associated with this, was an absolute unselfishness,—not an occasional or a graduated, but a perfect and constant unselfishness, which rendered Him quick to enter into the moods of others, that He might be of use to them. Selfishness prevents our coming into thorough sympathy with others, as much as it prevents our helping them when we understand their wants. We are afraid to touch people where the touch is most vital, lest they should require too much of us; or we are too much occupied with our own concerns to trouble ourselves to come very close to those who stand near by, waiting and wanting. Christ never was. His heart was open on all sides, and always ready for the necessary outgo. A few of us have this unselfish love of others by

nature, and more yet by grace,—this subtile capability of harmonizing with the moods of others, and thus helping them, first by sympathy, then by an appropriate ministry. Christ had it in perfection. We call it a natural quality in Him only because His nature was perfect. Would it not be better for the world if we were to cultivate, so far as possible, this undertone in our own lives? Somebody wants something from each one of us which, possibly, we may at this moment be too selfish to give.

II. Passing now to the *moral* undertones of Christ's life, we notice first His wonderful *conscience.*

Conscience belongs to all moral beings, God included. It is a faculty which discerns right and wrong, discriminates between them, as day is discriminated from night. When perfect it detects all the shades of wrong, as the healthy eye detects the graduations of shadow and marks the stages of twilight. Conscience also approves the right and condemns the wrong. In the conscience which is spiritually sound the right is approved with positive pleasure, the wrong is disapproved with positive abhorrence; hence it is by no means necessary that a being should be sinful to have a conscience. On the contrary, the more sinful a being is the more likely is he to possess a conscience which is dim and unreliable. The voice of conscience gives an undertone

to your life and to mine. In either case it is comparatively faint, because it is in some degree perverted by sin. In Christ's life it was an undertone so deep and unwavering that it was like a current in the sea. Christ was never troubled, as we are, by a guilty conscience. We must think of Him as only human if we say He was sustained by a good conscience; for that word *sustain* implies weakness. Christ, as divine, needed no sustaining; for, as such, He was never weak; He needed no support. His conscience was exercised mainly in view of right and wrong in others, or of right and wrong as the basis of a rule of action. In this exercise His discriminations were wonderful. Thus conscience gave tone to every precept He uttered, to every act He performed, to every rebuke which fell from His lips. Conscience underlies every word of the Sermon on the Mount; it regulated Christ's conduct when His acts were condemned as inconsistent with the Mosaic law, as, *e.g.*, when He rubbed out the ears of corn in His hand on the Sabbath; it made His step firm when He went in to eat with publicans and sinners; it gave nerve to His arm when He drove the traders from the temple; it thundered in His words when He denounced the Pharisees and smote them with the flash of those seven deserved woes. Yet, again, it distilled like the dew in such commendations as He gave to the poor widow

who dropped into the treasury the two mites which make a farthing. If He was sometimes indignant, He was never more so than right demanded; if He often incurred criticism for seemingly strange conduct, it was because, if obedient to conscience, He could not do otherwise. If He spoke in parables of great gulfs and tormenting flames, it was because the claims of justice suggested the picture. If he sketched the house of many mansions, it was because that is the fitting abode of the holy. Yes, that was a wonderful conscience which made Christ everywhere and always the exact representative of that which is right and true, the unflinching enemy of that which is false and wrong.

Another of the moral undertones of His life was confidence in His mission. He knew precisely what that mission was. He properly estimated its significance; He was certain of its results. Hence of no one could it ever be said as of Him,—

"Life is real; life is earnest."

Having something to do, He was bent upon doing it. The conviction of a mission always makes men earnest. The idea of a destiny believed in carried Napoleon to Jena and to Austerlitz. The idea of a mission made Mohammed a conqueror at Mecca and the founder of a religion which, after these twelve centuries, is one of the principal religions of the world.

Yet both Mohammed and Napoleon sometimes wavered as if in doubt. Paul comes nearer the ideal furnished us by Christ, for he never doubted his mission, and he was not mistaken concerning it. Nor did he ever falter in it, even when Nero's dungeon closed him in. Christ did not need this consciousness of a mission to render Him earnest; but, having it, its effects were constantly perceptible. It came out now and then in words like these, "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?" It came out still oftener in the acts by which He pressed on to the complete fulfilment of the Father's will. Wavered, did He? Yes, twice, in a momentary shrinking of His human nature from an awful necessity laid upon Him; once in Gethsemane, and once, "Father, save me from this hour." Never in His conviction of what He had to do, or of what its results should be. I thank God for the record of this weakness of human nerve, for it comforts me when, for the moment, those less steady shrink and quiver. It is a guaranty that He who can never forget His own Gethsemane will not forget us when God leads us into ours.

Coupled with this confidence in His mission was a fidelity to it which has by some been thought more

worthy of celebration than any other trait in His character. Here centres what some have to say of the manliness of Christ, meaning thereby that moral and spiritual courage which never failed Him. True manliness is something more than courage; but this is part of it. Christ was certainly the manliest of men, in His tenderness as well as in His courage, in His love as well as in His boldness, in His tears as well as in His freedom from fear. But something more than mere manliness is discovered in His fidelity to His mission. We find in it the manliness of a man and the patience and conscientiousness of a God.

III. At this point we turn by a natural transition to the *spiritual* undertones of Christ's life.

A simple reference to His divine nature is enough to establish the conviction that these must have been among the most pervasive and profound. And here a multitude of interesting questions spring up as by magic. He came from Heaven: what memories of it did He retain? He was by nature omniscient: how far was His omniscience limited by His earthly conditions? Vain questions these, and all the rest which tempt us to fruitless speculations. We never could answer them; this veil of mystery it is not for us to lift. It is, however, for us to understand that His heavenly relations gave a spiritual character to His every thought, mood, habit, method, plan.

Spiritual ideas were associated with all His acts. His miracles were eloquent in spiritual instruction. He taught the sin-blind how to see when He opened the eyes of Bartimeus. He taught the captives of Satan how to sit at His feet, clothed and in their right mind, when He cast out devils. He showed the way to life out of spiritual death when He raised the dead. Ever since He walked upon the waves His voice has cheered the spiritually storm-tossed with the assurance, "It is I: be not afraid!"

He constantly saw in those to whom He ministered candidates for immortality, in peril when they thought themselves safest, in poverty when they thought themselves richest, in sin when they thought themselves most religious. He measured human life, in general, very little by a worldly standard. He used our ordinary inch rules when He must needs concern Himself only with the affairs of the day. His characteristic measurements were by standards of eternity.

Then, as to Himself, He undoubtedly possessed the spiritual qualities, as a man moving among men, which He sought to reproduce in others. He was a man of love: He loved John, Mary, Peter with a spiritual as well as with a strictly human affection. He was a man of faith: God was His Father not the less truly that He was Himself God. He taught the

devil a lesson of faith when He refused to distrust the Father by making bread out of stones, and when He refused to trust God rashly by casting Himself from the temple. He was a man of prayer: we have numberless occasions for prayer where He had not one, yet His soul was like an altar of incense, plumed by a perpetual cloud.

Such undertones as these, the natural, the moral, and the spiritual, will bear more thought than we have time to give them now. The study of them may be of great practical benefit, because revealing what may be possible in a lower degree indeed, yet possible to any one who will thoroughly test the life which is hid with Christ in God.

But our view would be incomplete did we not give some careful attention to another class, occasioned by His necessary association with imperfect mortals.

IV. This class I will term *associational*, for the reason just given.

As explaining what I mean, let us suppose that it is true, as even recent travellers conjecture, that in the heart of Africa is a race of pigmies; let us suppose that this race is dwarfed in mind as well as in body; let us suppose that a man of highest intelligence, of saintly spirituality, of keenest sensibilities is sent to this race as a missionary. He masters their language, and then endeavors to communicate

to them his own conceptions of Christianity; he makes everything as simple as he can, but finds, when he has made the most fluid dilution of truth, the minds of these pigmies are so narrow that he can get it into them only drop by drop. They do not comprehend a great deal that he does say to them, and he knows they *could* not understand a great deal that he keeps back. They are prejudiced too, and do not like all they do understand. It is hard to convince them that a fetich which they can wear is not better than a God whom nobody can see. They misunderstand as much as they fail to understand. They misinterpret the acts and the motives of their teacher. They construe his disinterested acts into selfish ones, and often turn away from him when he turns most longingly and lovingly towards them. Some positively hate him, and do what they can to drive him away, or to defeat his mission; and among these people he is positively alone! Would it be strange if sometimes he should feel the solitariness of his position? Would it be strange if the peculiar conditions of his work should occasion a peculiar undertone in his life as a missionary, an *associational* undertone, which could not be avoided, but not on that account less serious?

The analogy suggested is not very close, but it opens our way.

It was a frequent experience with Christ that He was *not understood.* Most of those with whom He came in contact did not care to understand Him. Those who did care frequently failed; those often failed who understood Him best. The text says, Mary and Joseph "understood not the saying which He spake unto them in the temple." Mary "kept all these sayings in her heart" after she took Him back to Nazareth. She thought them over and over, not merely, we may presume, with a mother's pride, but also with a mother's affectional insight. She turned them often to the light in her thoughtful hours, prayed over them doubtless, compared them with other utterances of a similar kind drawn from her son in the quiet intercourse of home. Very likely she thought she understood Him perfectly when He started fresh from His baptism on His ministry. Yet when she tried to call Him out at the marriage in Cana she fell back in confusion under His rebuke, only recovering herself far enough to say, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." He did more than she expected. But even this lesson was not enough to enable her to understand Him, for we find her, more than a year afterward, at the head of the rest of her family, seeking to interrupt Him in His work, under the impression that He was far gone in fanaticism. Mark makes this clear by this record, "And they"—*i.e.*,

Jesus and the twelve—"went into an house, and the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread; and when His friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him; for they said, *He is beside Himself.*" By and by it is reported to Him by some one in the crowd that these friends, now identified as His mother and His brethren, stand without, seeking Him. His answer is at once a rebuke and a revelation. He looked about over the throng and said, "Behold! my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother." We can fancy His mother turning away when she heard that, wondering whether this was not a new proof that He was beside Himself indeed. Did the crowd within understand Him? Did His own disciples? We have evidence enough that they did not understand much that He said to them, even at the very close of His ministry. How solitary He must have been made to feel by all this experience!

But He was also *misunderstood*, and that was worse when, in consequence, He was misjudged. His enemies misunderstood Him habitually, and they did what they could to make the people misunderstand Him, as, *e.g.*, when they tortured His words of prophecy respecting His resurrection into an assault upon the temple. "Tear it down, and in three days

I will build it up again." He must have been conscious as He moved about, the wonder of the day, that He was regarded by the majority as an impostor as dangerous as He was bold, His motives misconstrued, His words twisted, His acts misjudged. But this was not so hard to bear as the misunderstanding of His friends and intimates. He grew up at Nazareth. There is no reason to suppose that He was not respected as a blameless man so long as His neighbors saw in Him only the carpenter's son. But when, after the miracle at Cana, He came home with His mother and assumed the character of a prophet in the synagogue, they first failed to understand, then misunderstood, then rose upon Him in a mob, and hurried Him out of the town to cast Him headlong from the brow of the hill on which the city was built. Such pretension his old neighbors could not and would not endure. We have already discovered how His own mother misjudged Him as beside Himself. But He had also to bear the misunderstanding of those who knew Him better. He had to explain Himself repeatedly to His disciples,—to James and John when they wanted to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans, and when they asked for seats on His right and left in His kingdom; to Peter when He knelt to wash that disciple's feet; to *all* of them sooner or later. He had to bear their expostu-

lations when He proposed to go to Bethany to wake the dead Lazarus, and to endure the reproof of Mary and Martha, who had seemingly been wondering three days whether He did love them as much as He professed, because if He had come when they sent for Him Lazarus need not have died. It would seem at the last, when He was led out to be crucified, as if all the world misunderstood Him, though a few faithful ones ventured to come and stand weeping about the Cross.

"Misunderstood! Well, what of it?" say some of unsensitive nature. "Why should one trouble himself about that if he understands himself and is conscience-free?" But there are others to whom the consciousness that they are both misunderstood and misjudged is torture. They cannot help the jarring of the sensitive nerve. Indeed, I think very few like to be misunderstood by their friends, to have their love doubted, to have the freezing look of to-day take the place of yesterday's smile, to have the kiss of duty delivered on the cheek where that of affection used to burn, all because of some misunderstanding. I cannot believe that many are pleased to think that they are solitary among their intimates because misinterpreted, even when love is the cause of the misunderstanding. Sure I am, however it may be with some, that there are multitudes in this world

who can understand how what I have called the associational undertones in the life of our Lord may have been among the most real and the most profound.

It needs but a word to suggest that all the undertones I have mentioned—the natural, the moral, the spiritual, the associational—gave character and significance to all the upper tones, and that together they constituted the marvellous symphony of Christ's earthly life.

With a few thoughts growing out of our present study we will leave the subject.

First. One's real personality is within him. Figure, face, attitude may represent a man. The soul may express itself by characteristic signs; but such expression is not infallible, it may be misread. Careless people do misread these signs and think they know a person, when all they know is what their own conception is. You have a high and prominent brow, you are intellectual; you have deep-set eyes, you are deceitful; your lips are thin and compressed, you are cold and wilful; the light comes and goes in your eyes, you are sensitive; your attitude in church is devout, you are a Christian. The verdicts rendered are of varied value; but no one can ever claim a personal knowledge of you or of me who has nothing but surface indications to judge by. Scarcely anybody knew Christ well; no one but the Father knew Him

thoroughly. In speaking of Mary's failures to understand Him, I did not mean to blame her; I did not mean to question her appreciation of Him, or to take her down from the pedestal on which she has a right to stand as singular among women,—the mother of Jesus. I would only class her among other mortals liable to misunderstand such a son, even though He stepped out of her lap into boyhood, and out of her home into His ministry.

So also, secondly, one's inner consciousness is more real than his outer life. You are more real to yourself than is anything you do. You perform an act; that is something, but it is *one* thing only. You know *when* you do it, *why*. It has come up out of the depths of your nature like a bubble rising through the sea. The sea is more real to you than the bubble. You are capable at the moment of a thousand other acts, and you know it. Any act performed is evanescent, except in its effects; the nature out of which it has come is permanent. So of all the acts which may constitute the outer life,—the self out of which they come is more real than all of them put together. Your life has its undertones as truly as Christ's life had. If you will listen you shall detect their rise and fall when the upper tones are still.

How important, then, that the inner consciousness

should be under the power of grace. If bad I pity you, if good I congratulate, for this is the real self with which and in which you have to live forever.

Finally, life's trials, which when real must be below the surface, where the real self is found, need spiritual treatment. They are best borne and are most useful when they are considered in their heavenly relations. Their best consolation is in spiritual sympathy. This we can get in a measure from those who have had such trials, and know by experience how they were spiritually soothed. We can get it from those who, if they have not had just such trials, are accustomed to look for the significance of earthly discipline in the future rather than in the present. Above all, we can get it from Christ, who has Himself sounded every depth into which we are called to descend, and gone to every height which it is possible for us to climb. Never think your trouble or your joy is such as to make you solitary so long as you can have the spiritual sympathy of one who perfectly understands you, and by whom you can never be misunderstood. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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